

DEKKER and MESSENGER. The Virgin
Martyr, a Tragedie, as it hath been divers
times publikely acted with great applause
by the Servants of His Majesties Revels,
small 4to. *very rare*, 25s 1631

Head Table cut in some places.

Accessions

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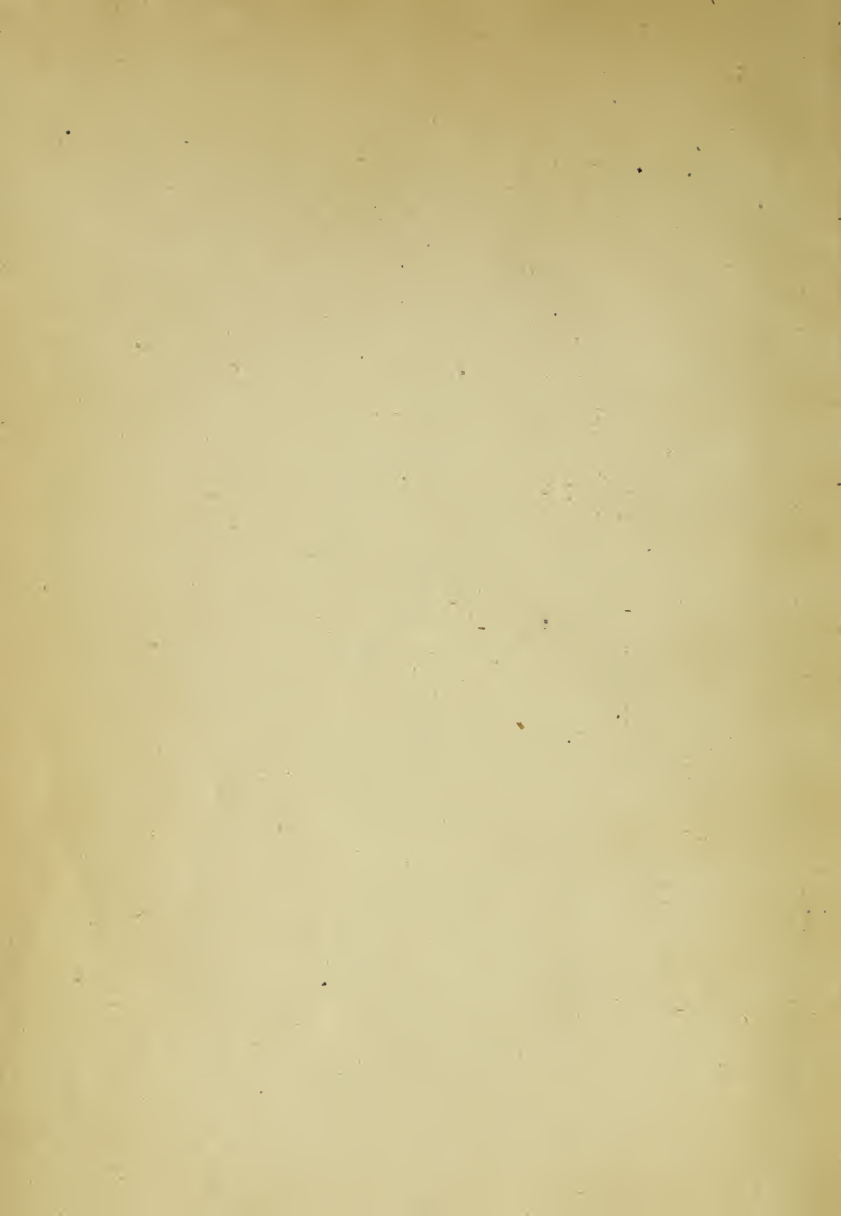
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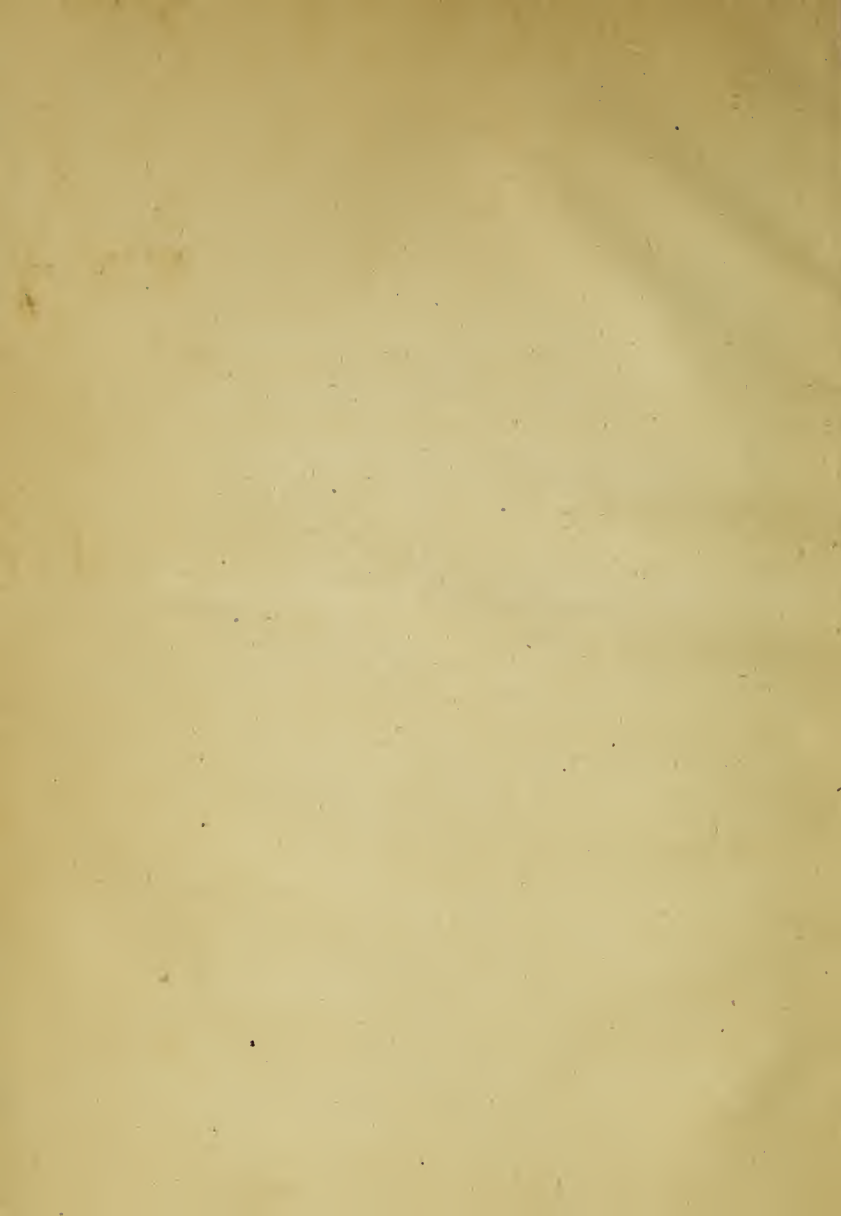
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VIRGIN MARTYR; A TRAGEDIE.

As it hath beene divers times pub-
likely Acted with great applause,

BY

The servants of his Majesties Revels.

Written by { PHILIP MESSENGER,
and
THOMAS DECKER.



LONDON,

Printed by B. A. and T. F. for Thomas Iones, and are
to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-
yard. 1631.



The Actors names.

D^{ioctesian}
Maximinus, } Emperours of Rome.

A King of *Pontus*.

A King of *Epire*.

A King of *Macedon*.

Sapritius, Gouvernour of *Casaria*.

Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians.

Sempronius, Captaine of *Sapritius* Guards.

Antoninus, sonne to *Sapritius*.

Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.

Herpax an euill spirit, following *Theophilus* in the
shape of a Secretary.

Artemia daughter to *Dioclesian*.

Caliste }
Christeta. } Daughters to *Theophilus*.

Dorothea, The Virgin Martyr.

Angelo, a good spirit, seruing *Dorothea* in the habite
of a Page.

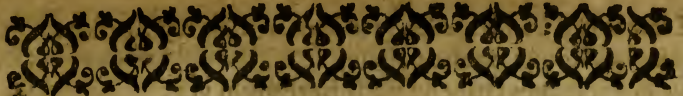
A Brittish Slaue.

Hercius, a Whoremaster. }
Spungius, a Drunkard. } Seruants to *Dorothea*.

A Priest to *Iupiter*.

Officers and Executioners.

149.509
May. 1873



THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Actus primus. Scene I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to Casarea to night?

Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theoph. The Emperour in person?

Harpax. Doe I live.

Theo. Tis wondrous strange, the marches of great Princes
Like to the motions of prodigious Meteors.

Are step, by step obseru'd, and lowd tongu'd Fame

The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:

And were it possible, so great an armie,

Though couer'd with the night, could be so neare,

The Governour cannot be so unfriended

Among the many that attend his person,

But by some secret meanes he should have notice

Of *Casars* purpose in this, then excuse me

If I appeare incredulous.

Harpax. At your pleasure.

Theoph. Yet when I call to mind you never sayl'd me
In things more difficult, but have discovered

Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,

When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor secret vaults,

No nor the power they serve, could keep these Christians,

Or from my reach or punishment, but thy Magicke

Still layd them open: I begin againe

To be as confident as heretofore.

It is not possible thy powerfull art

Should meet a checke, or faile.

The Virgin Martyr.

Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Caliste, Christeta.

Harp. Looke on the vestals,

The holy pledges that the gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste faire daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could say this in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of Nature) quite forsaking
The gentle gods had yeelded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and milde perswasions,
The power and the authority of a father
Set off with cruell threats and so reclaim'd em,
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hells furies to me had they undergone it) *aside.*
They are now votaries in great *Jupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed, growne familiar,
With all the Mysteries, nay the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Diety.

Theoph. Twas a benefit

For which I ever owe you, *Hayle loves Flamen,*
Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion.

Priest. And are constant in it,

They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods and answer all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My deare daughters.

Caliste. We dare dispute against this new sprung sect
In private or publike.

Harpax. My best Lady.
Persever in it.

Christeta. And what we maintaine
We will seale with our bloods.

Harpax. Brave resolution.

I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

Theoph.

Theoph. I young againe to your deuotions.

Harpax. Doe —

My prayers be present with you.

Exeunt Priest and daughters.

Theoph. Oh my *Harpax*

Thou engine of my wishes thou that steeld'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes gainst womanish teares and soft compassion,
Instructing me without a sigh to lookè on
Babes torne by violence from their mothers breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame:
Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torne by Dogs:
Virgins and Matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unsatisfied thinke their torments easie.

Harpax. And in that just, not cruell.

Theoph. Were all Scepters

That grace the hands of Kings made into one,
And offered me, all Crownes layd at my feet,
I would contemne them all thus spit at them,
So I to all posterities may be cald
The strongest Champion of the Pagan Gods
And rooter out of Christians.

Harpax. Oh mine owne,

Mine owne deere Lord, to further this great worke
I ever live thy slave.

Enter Sapphirus and Sempronius.

Theoph. No more, the Governour.

Sapr. Keepe the Ports close, & let the guards be doubl'd
Disarme the Christians, call it death in any
To weare a sword, and in his house to haue one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir.

Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice

To any of our gods, put to the torture.

Grub up this growing mischiefe by the roots,

And know when we are mercifull to them,

We to our selves are cruell.

Semp. You powre oyle

On fire that burnes already at the height,

I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,

And they shall find no favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great Master, who this night in person
Comes here to thanke you.

Sapritus. Who the Emperour?

Her. To cleare your doubts, he does returne in triumph,
Kings lackying by his tryumphant Chariot,
And in this glorious victory my Lord,
You have an ample share: for know your sonne,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and dyed
His snowy plumes so deepe in enemies bloud,
That besides publike grace, beyond his hopes
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
No meane in thine could this be true.

Harpax. My head answer the forfeit.

Sapritus. Of his victory
There was some rumour, but it was assur'd
The army pass'd a full dayes journey higher
Into the Country.

Harpax. It was so determin'd,
But for the further honour of your sonne,
And to observe the government of the Citty,
And with what rigor, or remisse indulgence
The Christians are pursu'd he makes his stay here.
For prooffe his trumpets speake his neare arrivall.

Trumpets a farre off.

Sap. Haste good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pompe receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speake
Their welcome in loud showts, the Citty shew
Her State and wealth.

Sempr. I am gone.

Exit Sempronius.

Sap. O I am ravish'd
With this great honour, cherish good *Theophilus*
This knowing Scholler, send your faire daughters
I will present them to the Emperour,

And

The Virgin Martyr.

And in their sweet conversion, as a mirrour,
Expresse your zeale and duty. *A lesson of Cornets.*
Theoph. Fetch them good *Harpax*.

A guard brought in by Sempronius, souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus and Macrinus carrying the Emperors Eagles, Dioclesian with a quills laurell on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperors hand, then embraces his sonne, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, lowd shows.

Diocle. So at all parts I find *Casarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licentious souldier
Cofin'd in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigor;
The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd *Rome* to her greatnesse, and proclaim'd her
The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world)
But above all the service of the Gods
So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thanke you for your care and duty
Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honor
Or his magnificence to his loyall servants.
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cesar*
Whose power upon this globe of earth, is equall
To *loves* in Heaven, whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellions Kings that stirre against it
Are perfect figures of his immortall trophees
Wonne in the Gyants warre, whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arme, as deadly kills
As did his thunder, all that I have done,
Or if my strength were centupl'd could doe,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But if in any thing I have deserv'd
Great *Cesars* smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of these gods,
That make him what he is : my zeale to them
I ever have exprest'd in my fell hate

Against

Against the Christian sect, that with one blow
Ascribing all things to an vnknowne power,
Would strike downe all their temples, and allowes them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Diocle. Thou in this
Walkest hand in hand with mee, my will and power
Shall not alone confirme, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Caesar*;
If your impertiall Maiestie stand pleal'd
To showre your fauours vpon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion
Looke on this reuerend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents
Was by your choyce committed, and for prooffe
He hath deseru'd the grace impos'd vpon him,
And with a fayre and euen hand proceeded
Partiall to none, not to himselfe, or those
Of equall neerenesse to himselfe, behold
This paire of Virgins.

Diocle. What are these?

Sap. His daughters.

Arte. Now by your sacred fortune they are faire ones,
Exceeding faire ones, would'twere in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great Lady,
They were most happy in your seruice else,
On these when they fell from their fathers faith
I vsde a iudges power, entreaties failing
(They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship, I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And as they had bin strangers to my blood,
Presented them in the most horrid forme
All kind of tortures, part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.

Arte. And could you endure
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the racke?

The Virgin Martyr.

Theoph. I did, but must
Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Betweene the Impartiall office of a Iudge,
And pittie of a Father ; to helpe Iustice
Religion stept in under which ods
Compassion fell : yet still I was a Father,
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worne with stripes spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and beg'd them though they would
Becruell to themselves they would take pittie
On my gray haire. Now note a suddaine change,
Which I with joy remember, those whom torture
Nor feare of death could terrifie, were overcome
By seeing of my sufferings, and so wonne
Returning to the Faith that they were borne in,
I gave them to the gods, and be assur'd
I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
Vpon such beauteous Virgins, and mine owne,
Will use no favor where the cause commands me
To any other, but as rockes be deafe
To all intreaties.

Dioeles. Thou deserv'st thy place,
Still hold it and with honor, things thus ordered
Touching the gods tis lawfull to descend
To humane cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has confer'd upon me, which that you
Rebels and traytors to the power of *Rome*
Should not with all extremities undergoe,
What can you urge to qualifie your crimes
Or mitigate my anger ? *Epire.* We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
And had command ore others, we confesse
Our grandsires payd yours tribute, yet left us
As their forefathers had desire of freedome.
And if you Romans hold it glorious honor
Not onely to defend what is your owne,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happinesse) who can accuse
The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed,

Or such whose fetters eate into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus. We stand

The last examples to prove how uncertaine
All humane happinesse is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoake which now is highest
In Fortunes wheele, must when she turnes it next
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd
Taught the Egyptian *Hercules Sesostris*
(That had his Chariot drawne by Captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery, but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meere madnesse.
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome since her infant greatnesse, ever us'd
Such as she tryumph'd over, age nor sexe
Exempted from her tyranny : scepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their children
In scorne train'd up in base Mechanicke arts
For publike bondmen ; in the Catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usefull, some must suffer
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others though farre off, but when a State
Is rays'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firme, to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy
And do't with safety, but to whom ? Not cowards ?
Or such whose basenesse shames the Conquerour,
And robs him of his victory, as weake *Perseus*
Did great *Amilius*. Know therefore Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*.

That I with curtesie can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies : such I found you
Before I made you mine, and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune ; had you borne your selves

Deiectedly, and base, no slavery
Had beene too easie for you, but such is
The power of noble valour, that we loue it.
Eu'n our enemies, and taken with it
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mocke vs not *Cesar*.

Diocle. By the Gods I doe not.
Vnloose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
Giue them their Crownes againe.

Pen. Weare twice ouercome,
By courage and by courtesie.

Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach vs to liue euer faithfull Vassals,
To *Dioclesian* and the dower of Rome.

Epire. All Kingdomes fall before her.

Pen. And all Kings

Contend to honour *Cesar*.

Diocle. I belecue.

Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts
And in it I most happy Queene of fate,
Imperious Fortune mixe some light disaster
With my so many joyes to season em,
And giue them sweeter relish, I am girt round
With true felicity, faithfull subiects here,
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends,
But what's the crowne of all in thee *Artemia*,
My onely child whose loue to me and duty
Striue to exceed each other.

Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter, and a subiect.

Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia*
Ty'd by a fathers care how to bestow
A iewell of all things to me most precious
Nor will I therefore longer keepe thee from
The chiefe joyes of creation, marriage rites
Which that thou mayest with greater pleasure tast of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine owne

The Virgin Martyr.

Amongst these kings forgetting they were captiues,
Make choyce of any, by *Ioues* d eadfull thunder
My will shall ranke with thine.

Arie It is a bounty
The daughters of great Princes seldome meeete with.
For they, to make v p breaches in the state,
Or for some other publike ends are forc'd
To match where they affect not, may my life
Deserue this fauour.

Diocle Speake, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles
Or the adored name of *Queene* could take me,
Here would I fixe mine eyes and looke no farther.
But these are baites to take a meane borne Lady,
Not her that boldly may call *Cesar* father.
In that I can bring honor vnto any
But from no King that liues receiues addition
To raise desert and vertue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate were greater glory,
Then to mixe greatnesse with a Prince that owes
No worth but that name onely.

Diocle. I commend thee,
Tis like thy selfe.

Artem. If then of men beneath me
My choyce is to be made, where shall I seeke
But among those that best deserue from you,
That haue seru'd you most faithfully, that in danger
Haue stood next to you, that haue interpos'd
Their breasts as shields of prooffe to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosome, that haue spent their blood
To crowne your browes with Lawrell.

Macrinus. Citherena
Great *Queene* of loue be now propitious to me.

Harpax. Now marke what I foretold.

Anton. Her eyes on me,
Faire *Venus* soone draw forth a leaden darr,
And that she may hate me, transfixe her with it,
Or if thou needs wilt vse a golden one,

Shooote

The Virgin Martyr.

Shoot in the behalfe of any other,
Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

Artem. Sir.

Theoph. How he blushes !

Sep. Welcome, foole, thy fortune,
Stand like a blocke when such an Angell courts thee.

Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.

Anton. Rather a bright Sunne
Too glorious for him to gaze upon
That tooke not first flight from the Eagles aerie.
As I looke on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence Lady I behold you,
And shall doe ever.

Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance, but if love
(Love borne out of the assurance of your vertues)
Teach me to stoope so low.

Anton. Oh rather take
A higher flight.

Artem. Why feare you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Majesty, and with you share my beames,
Nay make you to outshine me change the name
Of subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Ant. Refuse you Madam, such a worme as I am,
Refuse, what kings upon their knees would sue for?
Call it, great Lady, by another name,
An humble modesty that would not match
A Molehill with *Olympus*.

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the warre
As you are *Antoninus*, a prov'd souldier
Is fellow to a King.

Anton. If you love valour,
As'tis a Kingly vertue seeke it out,
And cherish it in a King there it shines brightest,
And yeelds the bravest lustre. Looke on *Epire*,

The Virgin Martyr.

A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not disgrace him, that he was
Orecome by *Cesar*, (it was a victory
To stand so long against him,) had you seene him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a Commander and a souldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have sayd, great *Cesars* selfe excepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.

Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his troope,
You tooke him prisoner.

Epire. 'Tis a truth great Princeesse.
Ile not detract from valour.

Anton. 'Twas meere fortune,
Courage had no hand in it.

Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his owne good.

Sapr. Spiritlesse villaine,
How I am tortur'd, by the immortall gods.
I now could kill him.

Diocles. Hold *Sapritius* hold
On our displeasure hold.

Harpax. Why, this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honour's tainted in it.

Sapr. By heaven it is,
I shall thinke of't.

Harpax. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay kneele not sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so farre gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour safe.
Yet say hereafter that thou hast neglected
What but seene in possession of another
Will run thee mad with envie.

Anton. In her lookes
Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your life study t'appease her.

Anton. Gracious Madam heare me.

Artem. And

The Virgin Martyr.

Artem. And be againe refus'd?

Anton. The tender of
My life, my service, not since you vouchsafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me:
Pardon dread Princeesse that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security
To mount up to the hill of Majestie,
On which the nearer *love*, the nearer lightning.
What knew I but your grace made tryall of me?
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannerd hand was death? The Foxe
When he saw first the Forrests King, the Lyon
Was almost dead with feare, the second view
Onely a little danted him, the third
He durst salute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To looke with more familiar eyes upon you
Then duty yet allowes me.

Sap. Well excus'd:

Artem. You may redeeme all yet.

Diocl. And that he may
Have meanes and opportunity to doe so,

Artemia I leave you my substitute.

In faire *Casarea*.

Sap. And here as your selfe
We will obey and serve her.

Diocles. Antoninus

So you prove hers, I wish no other heire,
Thinke on't, be carefull of your charge *Theophilus*,

Sapritius be you my daughters guardian.

Your company I wish confederate Princes

In our Dalmatian wars, which finished

With victory I hope, and *Maximinus*

Our brother and Copartner in the Empire

At my request wonne to confirme as much,

The Kingdomes I tooke from you wee'l restore

And make you greater than you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anton. Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.
The anchor of the wretched hope forsakes me,
And with one blast of Fortune all my light
Of happinesse is put out.

Macrin. You are like to those
That are ill onely, cause they are too well,
That surfeting in the excesse of blessings
Call their abundance want: what could you wish,
That is not false upon you? Honour, greatnesse,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeesse, whose excelling forme
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunke in gold, and all these attering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet
And no essentiall food: when I am scorched
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatnesse, or Empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedome?

Macrin. Sir you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea*,
Is she though faire the same day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia*? In all their courses
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet *Artemia*
There comes along pleasure, security,
Vsher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With *Dorothea*, though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator, of *Rome*,
By him left rich (yet with a private wealth
And farre inferiour to yours) arrives
The Emperours frowne (which like a mortall plague
Speakes death is neere) the Princeesse heavie scorne
Vnder which you will shrink, your fathers fury,
Which to resist even pietie forbids,
And but remember that she stands suspected,

The Virgin Martyr.

A favourer of the Christian Sect, she brings
Not danger but assur'd destruction with her :
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cherisht and prefer'd before
All joyes in *Dorothea*, therefore leave her.

Ant. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art
Grosely abus'd *Macrinus*, and most foolish,
For any man to match above his ranke,
Is but to sell his liberty; with *Artemia*
I still must live a servant, but enjoying
Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband, for the danger,
Or call it if you will assur'd destruction,
I sleight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare sweare thou art, and wilt not take
A Governours place upon thee, be my helper.

Macri. You know I dare and will doe any thing,
Put me unto the test.

Anton. Goe then *Macrinus*
To *Dorothea* tell her I have worne,
In all the battailes I have fought her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which like a Diety
Hath still protected me, thou canst speake well,
And of thy choyselt language spare a little
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her, beare her these jewels
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddesse. All lets throwne behind me,
Or feares that may deter me : say this morning
I meane to visite her by the name of friendship,
No words to contradict this.

Macrin. I am yours,
And if my travell this way be ill spent,
Judge not, my reader will, by the event. *Exeunt.*

Finis actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spangins and Hercius.

Spun. **T**VRne Christian, wud he that first tempted me to have my shooes to walke upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a Capon, for I am sure now the stones of all my pleasure in this fleshly life are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxecombe has a galloping desire to ride, here's a Gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kicke for all that like a horse, looke else.

Hir. But that's a kickish jade fellow *Spangins*, have not I as much cause to complaine as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidell Punke of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my corvetting, a pox of your Christian Coxatrices, they cry like Peulterers wives, no mony, no Cony.

Spun. *Bacchus*, the God of brew'd wine and Sugar, grand Patron of rob-pots, upsie-freezie-tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head warden of Vintners Hall, Ale-cunner, Maior of all Victualing houses, the sole liquid Benefactor to Bawdy-houses, *Lanze prezado* to red Noles, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deepe scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boone Bacchanalion stinker, did I make legges too.

Hirc. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunke.

Spun. There is no danger of loosing a mans yeares by making these Indures, he that will not now then bee *Calabinge*; is worse than a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan and kneel'd to this *Bacchus*, I durst out-drinke a Lord, but your Christian Lords out-boule me: I was in hope to leade a sober life, when I was converted, but amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Alehouse but I reele into another: they have whole streets of nothing
but

cut drinking roomes, and drabbing chambers jumbled together,

Hirc. Bawdy *Priapus*, the first scholemaster that taught Butchers how to sticke pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the onely Ningle that I cared for vnder the Moone, but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench & offer to vse her any thing hardly (telling her being a Christian she must endure) she presently handles me as if I were a cloue, & cleaues me with disdain as if I were a Calues head.

Spung. I see no remedy fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I must be halfe Pagans and halfe Christians, for we know very fooles that are Christians.

Hirc. Right, the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed Crowes.

Spung. True, Christian Brokers, thou knowest, are made vp of the quarters of Christians, parboyle one of these rogues and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to haue an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Hirc. Thy last shall serue my foote, so will I.

Spung. Our whimpring Lady and Mistresse sent mee with two great baskets full of Beefe, Mutton, Veale, and Goose fellow *Hircius*.

Hirc. And Woodcocke fellow *Spungius*.

Spung. Vpon the poore leane Assel fellow, on which I ride, to all the Almswomen: what think'st thou I'auedone with all this good cheere.

Hirc. Eate it, or be choakt else.

Spung. Wud my Assel basket and all were in they maw if I did: no as I am a demy Pagan I sould the victuals, and coyn'd the mony into pottle pots of wine.

Hirc. Therein thou shewdst thy selfe a perfect demy-Christian too, to let the poore beg, starue and hang, or dye a the pip: our puling snotty-nosse Lady, sent me out likewise with a purse of mony, to releeu and release prisoners: did I so thinke you.

Spung. Wud thy ribs were turn'd into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a totall Pagan, I swore they should be hangd first : for sirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of flechery, and cryed a Pox in your two-peany wards, and so I tooke scuruy common flesh for the mony.

Span. And wisely done, for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowd it out vpon lo.vlie knaues, and thou to saue that labour casts it away vpon rotten whores.

Hir. All my feare is of that pinke-an-eye Iacke an Apes boy, her page.

Span. As I am a Pagan, from my cod-peece downward that whitefac'd Monkie, frights me too, I stole but a durty pudding last day out of an almsbasket, to giue my dogge when he was hungry, and the peaking chitface page hit me ith teeth with it.

Hir. With the durty pudding; so he did me once with a cowturd, which in knauery I would haue crumd into ones porridge, who was halfe a Pagan to : the sinug dandiprat smels vs out whatsoeuer we are a doing.

Span. Does he ! let him take heede I proue not his backe friend ; ile make him curse his smelling what I doe.

Hir. 'Tis my Lady spoyles the boy, for he is ever at her heeles : and she's never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a Booke and Taper lighted, they seeing him counterfeits Denotion.

Ang. O ! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes In shew to clinbe to heaven, when your devotion Walkes vpon crutches : where did you waste your time When the religious man was on his knees, Speaking the heavenly language.

Span. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in pedlars French I hope.

Hir. We ha not bene idle, take it vpon my word.

Ang. Haue you the baskets emptied which your Lady Sent from the charitable hands, to women That dwell vpon her pitty ?

Span. Emptied em ! yes, idebeloth to haue my belly so emptie, yet i'me sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your mony to the Prisoners ?

Hir.

Hirc. Went I no, I carryed it, and with these fingers
payd it away.

Ang. What way? The Divels way, the way of sinne,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:
And you to, wash away the poore mans bread
In bowles of drunkenesse.

Spun. Drunkenesse! Yes, yes, I use to be drunke: our
next neighbours man called *Christopher* has often seene
me drunke, has he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh, my cheekes speake
my doings.

Ang. Avant you theeves and hollow hypocrites.
Your hearts to me lie open like blacke bookes,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what doe you reade in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? Come amiable *Angele*, beat the flint
of your braine.

Spun. And lets see what sparkes of wit flie out, to kindle
your *Carebrans*.

Ang. Your names even brand you, you are *Spungius* cald
And like a Spunge you sucke up liquorous wines
Till your soule reeles to hell.

Spun. To hell! Can any Drunkards legs carry him so far.

Ang. For bloud of grapes you sold the widdowes food
And starving them, 'tis murder, what's this but hell.

Hircius your name, and Goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meate out of the Prisoners mouth,
To fatten harlots, is not this hell to,
No Angell, but the divell waites on you.

Spung. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No, better burne him, for I thinke he is a witch,
but sooth, sooth him.

Spung. Fellow *Angele*, true it is, that falling into the com-
pany of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Hir. And she ones for mine, we have 'em swim in sholes
hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I tooke too much of the pot,
and he of tother hollow commodity.

Hir. Yes indeed, we layd lill on both of us, was cosen'd

the poore, but 'tis a common thing, many a one that counts himselfe a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray sweet *Angels*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady, and if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let Cats flea off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poyson'd tailles of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity.
Who say'd you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Wud I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She tooke us, 'tis true, from the gallowes, yet I hope she will not barre yeomen Sprats to have their swinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend, *Enter Dorot.*

Hir. Let's breake his necke and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poore)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em Lady, I hope, neither my fellow nor I am theeves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good hands, madam else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

Dor. Who cheate the poore and from them plucke
their almes,

Pilfer from Heaven, and there are thunderbolts
From thence to beate them ever, doe not lye,
Were you both faithfull true distributors?

Spun. Lye Madam, what grieve is it to see you turne
Swaggerer, and give your poore minded rascally servants
the lye.

Dor. I'm glad you doe not, if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing.
Whisper but to mine eare and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper, nay Lady, for my part Ile cry whoope.

Ang. Play no more villaines with so good a Lady,
For if you doe — — —

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foule Feind snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. A-

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spinn. 'Takes us for Botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My booke and Taper.

Ang. Heere most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musicke, that I never
Was raviht with a more celestiaall sound,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come downe
To dwell with us, thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art, get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

App. No my deare Lady I could weary starres,
And force the wakefull Moone to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to waite on you,
When at your prayers you kneele before the Altar,
Me thinkes I'm singing with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company :
Therefore my most-lov'd Mistresse doe not bid
Your boy so serviceable to get hence,
For then you breake his heart.

Dor. Be nye me still then,
In golden letters downe ile set that day
Which gave thee to me, little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy selfe,
This little pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my begger-boy,
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an almes,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand,
And when I tooke thee home, my most chaste bosome
Me thought was fild with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame mounting since higher
On wings of Cherubines then did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my Ladies modest eye,
So likes so poore a servant.

Doro. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy Parents.
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queene of some,
To dwell with thy good father, for the sonne

The Virgin Mary.
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do'r ten times more,
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy Parents,
Be not asham'd.

Ang. I am not, I did never
Know who any mother was, but by yon Pallace
Fill'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawne these eyes upon it and this hand,
My father is in Heaven, and pretty Mistresse,
If your illustrious houre Glasie spend his sand
No worse than yet it does, upon my life
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day
We all long to be there, but lose the way.

Exeunt.

*Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by
Theophilus and Harpax.*

Theoph. Sunne-god of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*

Macrin. And thee *Theophilus.*

Theoph. Gladst thou in such scorne,
I call my wish backe.

Macr. I'm in haste.

Theoph. One word,
Take the least hand of time up : stay.

Macrin. Be brieft.

Theoph. As thought : I prithee tell me good *Macrinus*
How health and our faire Princessse lay together
This night, for you can tell, Courtiers have flies
That buzze all newes unto them.

Macr. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy curtesie, how does *Antoninus*?

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

Theoph. Once more,
Thy head is full of Wind-mills : when does the Princessse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night.

Mac. I know not.

Theoph.

The Virgin Martyr.

Theoph. No, thou art the Manuscript
Where *Antoninus* writes downe all his secrets,
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

Macr. Fare you well sir.

Exit.

Har. Honesty is some Fiend, and frights him hence
And many Courtiers love it not.

Theoph. What peece

Of this State-wheele (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runnes so jarringly? The
Man is from himselfe divided: Oh thou the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me my *Harpax*,
What gad flye tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That up flinging thy taile, he breakes thus from me.

Har. Oh Sir, his braine-panne is a bed of Snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poyso-
nous spawne

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,
That unlesse charmes more strong than Adamant
Be us'd, the Romane Angels wings shall melt,
And *Casars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet, the Lawrell which he weares
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keepe a steady motion,
His eyes and feet you see giue strange assaults.

Theoph. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crab'd Characters,
It puzzles all my reading, what (it's name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching.

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands runne
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinkes up her ruby colour yet *Antoninus*
Playes the Endymeon, to this pale fac'd Moone,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eyes.

Theoph. And what of this?

Har.

The Virgin Martyr.

Harpax. These are but creeping Billowes
Not got to shore yet, but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women doe so) had you yncke
Brew'd from the infernall Stix, and not all that blacknesse
Can make a thing so foule as the Dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffetings, and most base affronts
Vpon the bright *Aricmia*, Starre of Court,
Great *Casars* Daughter.

Theoph. Now I conster thee.

Harp. Nay more a Firmament of Clouds being fill'd
With *Joves* Artillery, shot downe at once
To pass your Gods in peeces cannot give
With all those Thunderbolts so deepe a blow
To the Religion there, and pagan lore
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antoninus* soule,
Making it foule like hers: Oh the example —

Theo. Eates through *Casars* heart like liquid poison,
Have I invented tortures to teare Christians,
To see but which, could all that feeles Hels torments
Haue leave to stand aloofe heere on earths stage,
They would be mad till they againe descended,
Holding the paines most horrid, of such soules,
Maygames to those of mine, has this my hand
Set downe a Christians execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foote dead hearing but their figures,
And shall *Macrinus* and his fellow *Masquer*
Strangle me in a dance.

Hir. No, on, I doe hug thee,
For drilling thy quicke braines in this rich plot
Of tortures gainst these Christians, On, I hug thee.

Theoph. Both hug and holy me, to this *Dorothea*
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes
Pill'd upon Kingdomes, there's a villaine Page
Waites on her whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with, I doe so hate his sight,

That

The Virgin Martyr.

That should I looke on him I must sinke downe.

Theoph. I will not loose thee then, her to confound,
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.

Har. Oh, mine owne as I would wish thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trusty *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waites vpon my businesse,
I prithe watch those my still-negligent servants
That they performe my will in whats enjoyn'd them
To th' good of others, else will you find the m flies
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be carefull deare boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse.

Exit.

Doroth. Now Sir, you may goe on.

Mac. I then must study,
A new Arithmaticke, to summe up the vertues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become,
There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,
So much of honour, and of all things elie
Which makes our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others, yet much taken from him,
The want shall be as little as when Seas
Lend from their bounty to fill up the poorenesse
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted, to you for praise, than you
to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his presents, paid to the whitenes
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious,
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing: could you see maine Armies
Make battailes in the quarrell of his valour,
That 'tis best, the truest, this were nothing,
The greatnesse of his State, his fathers voice
And arme, owing *Cæsarea*, he never boasts of
The Sun-beames, which the Emperour throwes upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of pride, no dearest beauty,
All these heap'd up together in one scale,

Cannot weigh downe the loue he beares to you
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speake thus for a friend, you Sir are worthy
Of more then I will number, and this your language
Hath power to win vpon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this Wold
Are gaily stucke, but all which first you named,
And now this last, his loue to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger. *Enter Antoninus.*
But himsele
Being come in person, shall I hope heare from you
Musicke more pleasing.

Ant. Has your eare *Macrinus*
Heard none then?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart killing with cruelty
A life thats prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet neuer knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray Sir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetnesse, you now haue it, and shall good
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as Farewell,
To let me murmur to your Virgin eare,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue
But this mine owne.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you euerlastingly.

Ant. My true loue dares not doe it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sappritius, father to Antoninus, and Gouverneur of Cesaria, with him Artemia the Princessse, Theophilus, Sprungius and Hercius.

Spun. See you, doe you see, our worke is done, the fish
you

The Virgin Martyr.

you angle for is nibling at the hooke, and therefore vntrusse the Codpeece point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heeles.

The. The gold you earne is heere, dam vp your mouthes and no words of it.

Hir. No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselues dayly, and are hacknied out for siluer, why may not we then betray a scurvie mistris for gold.

Span. She sauid vs from the Gallowes, and only to keepe one Prouerbe from breaking his necke, wee le hang her.

The. Tis well done go, go, y'are my fine white boyes.

Span. If your red boyes, 'tis well knowne, more ilfa- uour'd faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellowes trouble vs.

The. Away, away.

Har. To my sweete placket.

Span. And I to my full pot.

exunt.

Ant. Come, let me tune you, glaze not thus your eyes With selfe-loue of a vowed Virginitie,

Make euery man your glasse, you see our Sex.

Doe neuer murther propagation.

Wee all desire your sweete society.

And if you barre me from it, you doe kill me,

And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O base Villaine.

Sap. Bridle your rage sweet Princes.

Ant. Could not my fortunes

(Reard higher farre then yours) be worthy of you,

Me thinks my deare affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mindes of gold,

He that I loue is richer; and for worth,

You are to him lower then any flauie

Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So insolent base Christian.

Dor. Can I, with wearing my knees before him

Get you but be his seruant, you shall lost

Y'are equall to a King.

Sapr. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorceresse.

Ant. Your mockes are great ones, none beneath the Sun
Will I be servant to : on my knees I beg it,
Pitty me wondrous Mayd.

Sapr. I curse thy basenesse.

Theoph. Listen to more.

Dor. Oh kneele not Sir to me.

Ant. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled hart,
That heart which tortur'd is with your disdain,
Iustly for scorning others ; even this heart,
To which for pittie such a Princesse sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cesars* Daughter.

Artem. Slave thou lyest.

Anson. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dogge.

Antox. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow,
Yet be you mine, and ever be your owne,
I nere will screw your conscience from that power
On which you Christians leane.

Sapr. I can no longer,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee villaine : sirra,
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had strucke thee in the wombe.

Macrin. We are betray'd.

Art. Is that your Idoll, traytor, which thou kneel'st to,
Trampling upon my beauty ?

Theoph. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in peeces teare, our *Jupiter*,
For her ? Our *Mars*, for her ? Our *Sol*, for her ?
A Whore, a hell-hound, in this globe of braines
Where a whole world of tortures for such furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,
These nailes shall grubbing lie, from scull to scull,
To finde one horrider, than all, for you,

The Virgin Martyr.

You three.

Artem. Threaten not, but strike, quicke vengeance flies
Into thy bosome, caitife : here all loves dies. *Exeunt.*

Anton. O I am thunder-strucke !

We are both orewhelm'd.

Macrin. With one high raging billow.

Doro. You a Sculdier,
And sinke beneath the violence of a woman ?

Ant. A woman ! a wrong'd Princeesse : from such a starre
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for
But tragicall events ? My life is now
The subject of her tyranny.

Doro. That feare, is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth ; you onely dread
The stroke, and not what followes when you are dead,
There's the great feare indeed : come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine doe, you'l scorne their tyrannies.

*Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus a guard,
Angelo comes and is clojse by Dorothea.*

Artem. My Fathers nerves puts vigour in mine arme,
And I his strength must use ; because I once
Shed beames of favour on thee, and with the Lyon
Play'd with thee gently when thou strok'st my heart,
Ile not insult on a base humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrors, but with one frowne
Kill thee : hence with 'em to execution.
Seize him, but let ev'n death it selfe be weary
In torturing her : Ile change those smiles to shrikes,
Give the foole what she's proud of (Martyrdome).
In peeces racke that Bawd to.

Sapr. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you, are in my bosome
Torrents so strong, that pitty quite lyes drown'd
From saving this young man, yet when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me,
Sayes 'tis my sonne, I'm forc'd to be a man,

The Virgin Martyr.

And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaime to have,
I shall more glory in my sufferings gaine,
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My bloud up to your anger, nor doe I kneele
To keepe a wretched life of mine from ruine :
Preserve this Temple (builded faire as yours is.)
And *Cesar* never went in greater triumph
Than I shall to the scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave Sir,
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Goe cursing along with him.

Doro. No, but pittinging,
(For my part, I) that you loose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the army of my sinnes, I have even
Labor'd to breake, and cope with death to th' face;
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, rackes, gibbets, axes, fires
Are scaffoldings by which my soule climbs up
To an Eternall habitation.

Ths. *Cesars* imperiall daughter, heare me speake
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding, both our Gods and *Cesar*,
Build to her selfe a Kingdome in her death
Going laughing from us. No, her bitterest torment
Shall be to feele her constancy beaten downe,
The bravery of her resolution lie
Battered by the argument, into such peeces,
That she agen shall (on her belly) creepe
To kisse the pavements of our Panim gods.

Artem. How to be done?

Theoph. Ile send my daughters to her,
And they shall turne her rocky faith to waxe,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no *Romans* but a villaines grave.

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Saprinus*

Your

Your sonne, and that be yours : death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice or letters
To greet each other. Rife her estate,
Christians to beggery brought grow desparate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed. *exeunt.*

Ang. O my admired Mistresse ; quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre downe upon you : claspe thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these warres
Thy head weare Sun-beames. and thy feet touch starres.

Enter Hercius and Spangius.

Hir. How now *Angelo*, how ist? how ist? what thred spins
That whore *Fortune* upon her wheele now?

Spin. *Comesta, comesta*, poore knave.

Hir. *Com a perte von, com a perte von*, my petite garsoone

Spin. Me partha we Comrade, my halfe inch of mans
Flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your sides, you are hid in gold
Ore head and eares.

Hir. We thanke our fates, the signe of the gingle-boyes
hangs at the doores of our pockets.

Spin. Who wud thinke that we comming forth of the
arse, as it were, or sag end of the world, should yet see the
golden age, when so little silver is stirring.

Spin. Nay, who can say any Citizen is an Asse, for lading
his owne backe with mony, till his soule crackes agen,
onely to leave his sonne like a gilded coxcombe behinde
him? Will not any foole take me for a wise man now, seing
me draw out of the pit of my treasury, this little god with
his belly full of gold.

Spin. And this full of the same meat out of my ambrey.

Ang. That gold will melt to poyson.

Spin. Poyson, wud it wud, whole pintes for healths
shall downe my throat.

Hir. Gold poyson! There's never a she-thrasher in *Ca-*
sarea that lives on the flaile of mony will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your soules for golden drosse,
Bewitching her to death, who slept betweene

You

Thou and the gallowes.

Spur. 'Twas an easie matter to save us, she being so well backt.

Hir. The gallowes and we fell out, so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistresse is mine owne, She beggerd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Nose drop in sorrow with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoate of her estate is unlac'd I confesse.

Hir. Yes, & the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For loue you beare to her, for some good turnes Done you by me, give me one peece of silver.

Hir. How ! a peece of silver ! if thou wert an Angell of gold I would not put thee into white money, unlesse I weigh'd thee, and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A peece of silver ! I never had but two calues in my life, and those my mother left me ; ile rather part from the fat of them, then from a mustard-tokens worth of Argent.

Hir. And so sweet Nit we crawle from thee.

Spun. *Adieu*, demi-dandiprat, *adieu*

Ang. Stay one word yet, you now are full of gold.

Hir. I'd be sorry my dog were so full of the poxe.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the meazles eyther.

Ang. Goe, goe, y^e are beggers both, you are not worth That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away boy.

Spur. Page you doe nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.

Ang. I am glad I try'd your love, which see I want not, So long as this is full.

Bab. And so long as this -- so long as this.

Hir. *Spungius* y^e are a picke-pocket.

Spun. *Hircus* thou hast nimb'd -- so long as, not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

Hir. Th'art a thiefe, and thou lyest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou lyest deeper then the bottome of mine enraged pocket, if thou affront'st it.

Ang. No blowes, no bitter language, all your gold gone.

Spun. Can

The Virgin Martyr.

Span. Can the divell creepe into ones breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his hornes once get into the codpeece.

Ang. Come, sigh not, I so little am in love
With that whose losse kills you, that see 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heape in equall share,
So you will goe along with me to prison,
And in our Mistresse sorrowes beare a part:
Say, will you? *Beth.* Will we?

Span. If she were going to hanging, no gallowes should
part us.

Hir. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of Onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repaire your bad deeds past,
Happy are men, when their best deeds are last.

Span. True master *Angele*, pray sir lead the way. *exit An.*

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Span. I live in a Iayle,

Hir. Away and shift for our selves, she'll do wel enough
there, for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than
Catchpoles after prisoners.

Span. Let her starve then if a whole iayle will not fill
her belly.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus III. Scene I.

*Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Caliste,
Christeta.*

Sapritius. **S**icke to the death I feare.

Theophilus. **S**I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sapr. She's a Witch,
A forcereffe *Theophilus*, my sonne
Is charm'd by her enticing eyes, and like
An image made of waxe, her beames of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours finde their grave

The Virgin Martyr.

In his strange dotage on her. Would when first
He saw and lov'd her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

Theoph. There's hope left yet.

Sapr. Not any, though the Princeesse were appeas'd,
All title in her love surrendred up,
Yet this coy Christian, is so transported
With her religion, that unlesse my sonne
(But let him perish first) drinke the same potion,
And be of her beleefe, she'l not vouchsafe
To be his lawfull wife.

Priest. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I rest assur'd,
The reason of these holy Maydes will winne her,
You'l find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theoph. If she refuse it,
The Stygian dampes breeding infectious ayres,
The Mandrakes shrikes, the Basiliskes killing eye,
The dreadfull lightning that does crush the bones
And never finge the skin, shall not appeare
Lesse fatall to her, than my zeale made hot
With love unto my gods : I have deser'd it
In hope to draw backe this Apostata,
Which will be greater honour than her death
Vnto her fathers faith, and to that end
Have brought my daughters hither.

Caliste. And we doubt not
To doe what you desire.

Sapr. Let her be sent for,
Prosper in your good worke, and were I not
To attend the Princeesse, I would see and heare
How you succeed.

Theoph. I am commanded too,
He beare you company.

Sapr. Give them your Ring,
To leade her as in triumph if they win her
Before her highnesse.

Theoph. Spare no promises,

Exit Saprissus.

Perisw-

The Virgin Martyr.

12
Perswasions, or threats I doe conjure you,
If you prevaile, 'tis the most glorious worke
You ever undertooke.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Priest. She comes.

Theoph. We leave you,
Be constant and be carefull.

Exeunt Theop. Priest.

Caliste. We are sorry
To meet you under guard.

Dorothea. But I more greev'd
You are at liberty, so well I loue you,
That I could wish for such a cause as mine
You were my fellow prisoners: prithe *Angelo*
Reach us some chaires, please you sit?

Caliste. We thanke you,
Our visite is for love, love to your safety.

Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you therefore
Command your boy to leave us.

Dorothea. You may trust him
With any secret that concernes my life
Falshood and he are strangers, had you Ladies
Beene blest with such a servant, you had never
Forsocke that way (your journey even halfe ended)
That lead to joyes eternall. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stir'd you
To holy meditations, and so farre
He is from flattery that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleasure here have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.
He must not leave me, without him I fall,
In this life he is my servant, in the other
A wished Companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the Divell,
Nor all his wicked arts to shake such goodnesse.

Doro. But you were speaking Lady.

Caliste. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you

So to receive it; and if you remember
How neere in love our parents were, that we
Ev'n from the cradle were brought up together.
Our amity encreasing with our yeares,
We cannot stand suspected.

Doro. To the purpose.

Ca. We come then as good Angels *Dorothea*,
To make you happy, and the meanes so easie,
That be not you an enemy to your selfe,
Already you enjoy it.

Christiana. Looke on us
Ruin'd as you are once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what follow'd Lady,
Leaving those blessings which our Gods gives freely,
And shew'd upon us with a prodigall hand,
As to be noble borne, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controule,
Checke, curbe, or stop, (such is our Lawes indulgence)
All happinesse forsooke us, bonds and fetters
For amorous Twins, the Racke and Hangmans whips
In place of choise delights, our Parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorne, neglect, contempt
Fell thicke upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a faire retreat, and reconcil'd
To our forsaken gods, we live againe
In all prosperity.

Calist. By our example
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learne to be happy, the Christian-yoke's too heavie
For such a dainty necke, it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar
More precious than Chrystall to support
Our *Cupids* Image, our Religion Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toyle
Slaves would shrink under.

Doro. Have you not cloven feet? Are you not Divels?
Dare any say so much, or dare I heare it

With

The Virgin Martyr.

Without a vertuous and religious anger ?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothell houses rather
Or wicked actions of the worst of men
Pursu'd and practis'd, your religious rites,
O call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baytes and nets of hell, your soules the prey
For which the Diuell angles, your false pleasures
A steepe descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternall torments.

Caliste. Doe not tempt
Our powerfull gods.

Dor. Which of your powerfull gods,
Your gold, your silver, brasse, or woodden ones ?
That can, nor doe me hurt, nor protect you,
Most pittied women, will you sacrifice
To such, or call them gods or goddesses,
Your Parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you your selves ? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Caliste* by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more deere, would you
To have him Deifi'd to posterity,
Desire your Father an Adulterer,
A Ravisher, almost a Paracide,
A vile incestuous wretch ?

Caliste. That pitty
And duty answere for me.

Derathea. O you *Christeta*,
To be hereafter registred a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,
This is the common Whore, the prostitute,
The Mistresse in the art of wantonnesse,
Knowes every trick and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest.

Christeta. You judge better of me,

The Virgin Martyr.

Or my affection is ill plac'd on you,
Shall I turne Strumpet?

Doro. No, I thinke you would not,
Yet *Venus* whom you worship was a Whore,
Flora the Foundresse of the publike Stewes,
And has for that her sacrifice: your great god
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister, reade but those
That have Canoniz'd them, you'l find them worse
Than in chaste language I can speake them to you,
Are they immortall then that did partake
Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
In mens base affection? Subject to
Vnchast loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are.
Her *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull.
The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*.
Neptune for gaine builds up the wals of *Troy*,
As a day-labourer, *Apollo* keepes
Admetus sheepe for bread, the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge, for hire; *Lymothens* heere
With his still growing Liver feeds the Vulture;
Saturne bound fast in hell with Adamant chaines;
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestowes a Diety, will you then deere sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
To things of lesse power than your selves?

Caliste. We worship
Their good deeds in their Images.

Dorothea. By whom fashion'd,
By sinfull men? Ile tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
A King of *Egypt* being to erect
The Image of *Osiris* whom they honour,
Tooke from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels
And purest gold, as the materials
To finish up his worke; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up
To be ador'd, and serv'd himsef his Idoll;
Desiring it to give him victory

The Virgin Martyr.

Against his enemies, but being ouerthrowne,
Enrag'd against his god (these are fine gods
Subiect to humane fury) he tooke downe
The sencelesse thing and melting it againe,
He made a Basing, in which Eunuches wash'd
His Concubines feete, and for this fordid vse
Some moneths it seru'd: his mistresse prouing false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded,
Betweene them and the Preists, of the same Basing
He made his god againe, thinke, thinke of this,
And then consider, of all worldly honors
Or pleasures that doe leaue sharpe stings behind them,
Haue power to win such as haue reasonable soules,
To put their trust in drosse.

Cal. Oh that I had bene borne
Without a father.

Chri. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd vs for euer.

Dor. Thinke not so,
You may repaire all yet, the Attribute
That speakes his Godhead most, is mercifull,
Reuenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leaue; you weepe,
Oh tis a heauenly shower, celestially balme
To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,
Fall thick vpon it, and when that is spent,
Ile helpe it with another of my teares.
And may your true repentance prouie the child
Of my true sorrow, neuer mother had
A birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught our selues
That came to take you, and assur'd of conquest
We are your Captiues.

Do. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had bene eternall losse,
And this your losse immortall gaine, fixe heere,
And you shall feele your selues inwardly arm'd
Gainst tortures, death, and hell, but take heede sisters,
That or through weaknesse, threats, or mild perswasions
Though

The Virgin Martyr.

Though of a Father, you fall not into
A second and a worse Apostacie.

Calist. Never, oh never, steeld by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.

Christeta. Here's our warrant,
You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then
And rest assur'd, the more you suffer heere,
The more your glory, you to heaven more deere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Artem. *Sapritius* though your sonne deserve no pittie,
We grieve his sicknesse, his contempt of us
We cast behind us, and looke backe upon
His service done to *Cesar*, that weighs downe
Our just displeasure, if his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you thinke
His liberty can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest Vassals.

Artem. Vse all meanes
For his recovery, though yet I love him,
I will not force affection, if the Christian
Whose beauty hath out-rivald mine, be wonne
To be of our beliefe, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cause wils, I can
Command my owne desires.

Theoph. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident
Such eloquence and sweet perswasion dwels
Vpon my daughters tongues, that they will worke her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet 'tis no easie taske to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. *a shout within.*

Artem. What meanes this shout. *loud Musicke.*

Sap. 'Tis seconded with Musicke, *Enter Sempronius*
Tryumphant musicke, ha!

Semp. My

The Virgin Martyr.

Scmp. My Lord your Daughters
The pillars of our faith hauing conuerted,
For to report giues out, the Christian Lady,
The Image of great *I+pm* borne before them
Sue for access,

Theo. My soule diuin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light
Their Mother when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fild not my longing heart -
With so much ioy, as they in this good worke
Haue throwne vpon me.

*Enter Priest with the Image of Iupiter, Incense and Censers,
followed by Caliste, and Christeta, leading
Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrise welcome
Daughters, both of my body and my mind,
Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort,
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you neuer had falne off, I am raiush't
With the excesse of ioy, speake happy daughters
The blest euent.

Cal. We neuer gain'd so much
By any vndertaking.

The. Oh my deare Girle,
Our gods reward thee.

Dor. Nor was euer time
On my part better spent.

Chri. Wee are all now
Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*,
Madam if euer you did grace to worth,
Vouch'safe your Princely hands.

Arr. Most willingly:
Doe you refuse it?

Cal. I let vs first deserue it:

Theo. My owne child still, heere set our god, prepare
The incense quickly, come faire *Dorothea*,
I will my selfe support you; now kneele downe

The Virgin Martyr.

And pay your vowest to *Jupiter*,

Dor. I shall doe it.

Better by their example.

The. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice,
Forward my Twinnes of comfort, and to teach her
Make a ioynt offering.

Chri. Thus. *Cal.* And thus. *They both spit at the Image,*

Har. Profaine *throw it downe, and spurne it*

And impious, stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the Gods? Where is
Your holy zeale, your anger?

The. I am blasted,

And as my feet were rooted heere, I finde
I haue no motion, I would I had no sight too,
Or if my eyes can serue to any other vse,
Giue me thou iniur'd power a sea of teares,
To expiate this madnesse in my Daughters:
For being themselves, they would haue trembled at
So blasphemous a deede in any other,
For my sake hold a while thy dreadfull thunder,
And giue me patience to demand a reason
For this accus'd act.

Dor. Twas brauely done.

(you

The. Peace damn'd Enchantres peace, I should looke on
With eyes madered with fury, and my hand
That shakes with rage should much outstrip my tongue,
And seale my vengeance on your hearts, but nature.
To you that haue falne once, bids me againe
To be a father, O how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Ioue*?

Dor. A lacke poore *Ioue*,

He is no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Hee'l take a kick, or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Do. It is the ancientst! godling do not feare him,
He would not hurt the thiefe that stole away
Two of his golden locks, indeede he could not,
And still tis the same quiet thing.

Theo.

Theo. Blasphemer,
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this,
Thou art past hope, but for you deare daughters,
Again bewicht, the due of mild forgiuenesse
May gently fall, provided you deserue it
With true contrition, be your selues againe
Sue to the offended diety.

Chri. Not to be
Mistresse of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A graine of Incense to it, much lesse kneele,
Nor looke on it but with contempt and scorn:
To haue a thousand yeeres confer'd vpon me
Of worldly blessings, wee profess our selues
To be like *Dorothea*, Christians,
And owe her for that happinesse.

Theo. My eares

Receiue in hearing this, all deadly charmes
Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are these they
You brag'd could conuert others?

Sap. That want strength
To stand themselues?

Har. Your Honour is ingag'd
The credit of our cause depends vpon it,
Something you must doe suddenly.

The. And I will.

Har. They merit death, but falling by your hand,
It will be recorded for a iust reuenge
And holy fury in you.

The. Doe not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrife hot already,
Ætnais in my brest, wildfire burnes heere,
Which onely bloud must quench: incensed power,
Which from my infancy I haue adore'd,
Looke downe with fauorable beames vpon
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
Which I will offer to thee, and be pleas'd
(My fierie zeale inciting me to act it)

To call that justice, others may stile murder.
Come you accurs'd, thus by the haire I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus looke on you
Lesse pittifull than Tygers to their prey.
And thus with mine owne hand I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kills them.*

Doro. O most cruell Butcher.

Theoph. My anger ends not here, hels dreadfull Porter
Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned soules, and let the furies whips
On them alone be wasted; and when death
Closes these eyes, I will be *Elizium* to me,
To heare their shrieks and howlings, make me *Pluto*
Thy instrument to furnish thee with soules.
Of this accursed Se't, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.
Exit with Harpax hugging him.

Enter Artemia laughing.

Artem. 'Tis a brave zeale.

Doro. O call him backe againe,
Call backe your hangman, here's one prisoner left
To be the subje't of his knife.

Artem. Not so.

We are not so neere reconcil'd unto thee,
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way.
Be she your charge *Savinius* now, and suffer
None to come neere her till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistresse,
These Martyrs but prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius and Hircius ragged at severall doores.

Hir. *Spungius.* (world?)

Spun. My fine rogue, how ist? How goes this totter'd

Hi. Halt any morey?

Spun. Mon. I have the Taverner-ur dings about my

Hir. No,

Hir. No, my mony is mad a Bull, and finding any gap open'd, away it runs.

Spun. I see then a Taverne and a Bawdy-house have faces much alike, the one has red grates next dore, the other hath peeping holes within doores; the Taverne hath evermore a bulh, the bawdy close sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a Taverne a man comes reeling, from a bawdy house not able to stand. In the Taverne you are coulen'd with paultrý Wine, in a bawdy-house by a painted Whore, Money may have Wine, and a Whore will have Money, but neither can you cry, Drawer you Rogue, or keepe doore rotten Bawde, without a silver Whistle, wee are justly plagued therefore for running from our Mistressse,

Hir. Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that stay'd my running.

Spun. Well: the thred of my life is drawne through the needle of necessity, whose eye looking upon my lowsie breeches, cryes out it cannot mend 'em: which so prickes the linings of my body, and those are Heart, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriffe, that I beg on my knees to have *Airappos* (the Tayler to the destinies) to take her sheares and cut my thred in two, or to heate the Iron goose of mortality, and so to presse me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbowes of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low minded Cobler, a Cobler whose zeale set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose Awle I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvie stitches into my soule, that the heele of my happines has gone awry.

Spun. Pitty that ere thou trod it, thy shooe a vry.

Hir. Long I cannot last, for all sowterly waxe of comfort melting a way, and misery taking the length of my foote, it boots not me to sue for life when all my hopes are seamerent, and goe wet shod,

Spun. This shews th'at a Coblers son by going through stitches O, how would thou and I were so happy to be cobbler.

Hir. So would I, for both of us being now weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers ends.

Spur. I see the beginning of my end for I am almost starv'd.

Hir. So am not I, but I am more than famish'd.

Spur. All the members of my body are in rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine, and nothing but a Cooke being a constable can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staffe, a spit full of rost-meate.

Spur. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make, my belly cries to my mouth, why dost not gape & feed me.

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meate and cramme my choppes with it.

Spur. Then my hand hath a sting at mine eyes, because they looke not out and shake for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of teares, cry aloud and curse my feet for not ambling up and downe to feed Colon, sithence if good meate be in any place, 'tis knowne my feet can smell.

Spur. But then my feet like lazie rogues lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why 'mong so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totterdemalions, rag-amulins, and lowsie desperates.

Spur. Thou art a meere *7-am-an-o, 7-am-an-as*, consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lowsie, beggerly, thou whorson *Assa Farida*.

Spur. Worse, all totterings, all out of frame, thou *Foolamini*.

Hir. As how *ar/nicke*: come make the world smart.

Spur. Old Honor goes on crutches, begg'ry rides caroched, honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, souldiers (as we) in ragges, Beauty turnes Whore; Whore Bawd; and both dye of the pox: why then when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walke upright?

Enter Angelo.

Hir. Stop, looke who's yonder.

Spur. Felt

The Virgin Martyr.

Spur. Fellow *Angelo* ! How does my little man ? Well.

Ang. Yes, and would you did so, where are your clothes ?

Hir. Clothes ! You see every woman almost goe in her loose gowne, and why should not we have our clothes loose ?

Spur. W'ud they were loose.

Ang. Why where are they ?

Sp. Where many a velvet cloke I warrant at this houre keepees them company, they are pawn'd to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawn'd, where's all the gold I left with you ?

Hir. The gold ! We put that into a Scriveners hands, and he has coufen'd us.

Spur. And therefore I prithee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devaluation.

Ang. Are you made all of lyes ? I know which way Your guilt-wing'd peeces flew ; I will no more Be mock'd by you : be sorry for your ryots, Tame your wild flesh by labor, eat the bread Got with hard hands : let sorrow be your whip To draw drops of repentance from your heart, When I reade this amendment in your eyes You shall not want till then my pittie dyes. *Exit.*

Spur. Ist not a shame that this feurvie *Puerilis* should give us lessons ?

Hir. I have dwelt thou knowest a long time in the Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy, but now my heart shall take a house within the wals of honesty.

Enter Harpax alone.

Spur. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of Beggery ; the sound of Score a pottle of sack, is worse than the noyse of a scolding Oyster wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be, I doe not like when conscience Thawes, keepe her frozen still : How now my masters ? Dejected, drooping, drown'd in teares, clothes torne, Leane, and ill colour'd, sighing ! Whats the whirlwind Which raiseth all these mischiefes ? I have seene you Drawne better on't. O ! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust.

Your

The Virgin Martyr.

Your selves into the service of that Lady,
Who shortly now must die ; where's now her praying
What good get you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvie errands to the poore,
And to beare money to a sort of rogues,
And lowlie prisoners.

Hir. A pox on 'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun. Had I bin a Pagan still, I could not have spit white
for want of drinke, but come to any Vintner now and bid
him trust me, because I turn'd Christian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly serv'd ; before that peevish Lady
Had to doe with you, weomen, wine, and money
Flow'd in aboundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh ! those dayes, those dayes. (nes.

Har. Beat not your breasts, teare not your haire in mad-
Those dayes shall come agen be rul'd by me,
And better (marke me) better.

Spun. I have seene you sir, as I take it, an attendant on
the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant, but harke hither.
Take heed no body listens. *Spun.* Not a Moule stirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Hir. Disguis'd ! How ! Drunke,

Har. Yes my fine boy, Ile drinke too, and be drunke,
I am a Prince, and any man by me
(Let him but keepe my rules) shall soone grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich,
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures
As other poore knaves are ; no, take their fill,

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged —

Har. You'l say, you'd serve me.

Hir. Before any master under the Zodiacke.

Harpax. For clothes no matter ; I have a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you, now that you see
The bonafire of your Ladies state burnt out,
You give it over, doe you not ?

Hir. Let her be hang'd. *Spun.* And pox'd.

Harp. Why now y'are mine.
Come let my bosome touch you.

Spun. We

The Virgin Martyr.

Spur. We haue bugges Sir.

Har. Ther's mony, fetch your cloths home, ther's for you.

Hir. Auoid Vermine : giue ouer our mistresse ! a man can not prosper worse if he serue the diuell.

Har. How? the diuel ! Ile tell you what now of the diuel
He's no such horrid creature, clouen footed,
Blacke, saucer-eyde, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No ! *Har.* He's more louing,
To man, then man to man is.

Hir. Is he so ! wud we two might come acquainted
with him.

Har. You shall : he's a wondrous good fellow, loues a
cup of wine, a whore, any thing, if you haue mony its ten
to one but Ile bring him to some Tauerne to you or other.

Spun. Ile bespeake the best roome ith' house for him.

Har. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. Weele giue him no such cause.

Har. He hates a ciuill Lawyer, as a souldier loues peace.

Spun. How a cominoner ?

Har. Loues him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you
with one foolish question : does the diuell eat any Mace
in's broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feauer takes
him, and then he has the knuckles of a Bailiff toyled to
his breakefast.

Hir. Then my Lord, he loues a Catchpole does he not.

Har. As a Bearward does a dog, a Catchpole ! he has sworn
if euer hee dies, to make a Sergiant his heire, and a Yeoman
his ouer seer

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the
Porter let him come in sir ?

Har. Oh he loues Porters of great mens gates, because
they are euer so neere the wicket.

Hir. Doe not they whom he makes much on, for all his
stroking their cheekes, leade hellish liues vnder him

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damn'd before he hurts a-
ny man. Doe but you (when y'are throughly acquainted

[The Virgin Martyr.]

with him) aske for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing !

Her. Call for a delicate rare whore? she's brought you!

Hir. Oh my elbow itches: will the diuel keepe the dore?

Har. Be drunke as a begger, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine diuell ! some watchman I warrant, I wonder who's his Constable.

Har. Will you sweare, rore, swagger ? he claps you.

Hir. How lart' chops.

Har. No, hat' shoulder and cries, O my braue boy.

Will any of you kill a man?

Spur. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Whats his word hang, hang, tis nothing.
Or stab a woman.

Hir. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here's the worst word he gines you, a pox on't goe on.

Hir. O inueagling rascall, I am rauish'd.

Har. Go, get your clothes, turne vp your glasse of youth
And let the sands run merily; nor do I care
From what a lauish hand your money flies,
So you giue none away, feed beggers.

Hir. Hang'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poore.

Hir. He see'em hang, d first.

Har. One seruice you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your Mistresse *Dorothea*, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures, haue you hearts
To teare her into shreekes, to fetch her soule
Vp into the Pangs of death, yet not todie.

Hir. Suppose this shee, and that I had no hands, heer's
my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this shee, and that I had no teeth, heer's
my nailes,

Hir. But will not you be there sir.

Har. No, not for hils of diamones, the grand Master
Who schooles her in the Christian discipline,
Abhorre my company; should I be there,

You'd

You'd thinke all hell broke loose, wee should so quarrell.
Plie you this businesse; he, her flesh who spares
Is lost, and in my loue neuer more shares.

Spurr. Here's a Master you rogue.

Hir. Sure he cannot chuse but haue a horrible number
of seruants. *Finis Actus vtiq. excurt.*

Actus 4. Scena I.

*A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, With Physicians
about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.*

Sap. **O** You that are halfe gods, lengthen that life
Their dieties lend vs, turne ore all the volumes
Of your mistorious *Esculapian* science
T'encrease the number of this yong mans dayes,
And for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a peece of Roman gold
With *Casars* stampe, such as he sends his Captains;
When in the warres they earne well: do but saue him
And as he is halfe my selfe, be you all mine.

Dott. What art can doe, we Promise: Phisickes hanp
As apt is to destroy, as to preserue,
If heauen make not the medicine; all this while
Our skill hath combat held with his disease,
But tis so armd, and a deepe melancholy
To be such in part with death, we are in feare
The graue must mocke our labors.

Mac. I haue beene
His keeper in this sicknesse, with such eyes
As I haue seene my mother wach ore me,
And from that obseruation sure I finde,
It is a Midwife must deliuer him.

Sap. Is he with child, a Midwife,

Mac. Yes with child,
And will I feare lose life if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: stand by his Pillow
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers

Him shall you heare cry out on *Dorothea*,
 And when his armes flye open to catch her,
 Closing together, he fals fast asleepe,
 Pleas'd with embracings of her airy forme;
 Physitians but torment him, his disease
 Laughs at their gibbrish language, let him heare
 The voyce of *Dorothea*, nay but the name,
 He starts up with high colour in his face,
 She or none cures him, and how that can be,
 (The Princessse strickt command, barring that happinesse)
 To me impossible seemes.

Sapr. To me it shall not.

He be no subject to the greatest *Cesar*
 Was ever crown'd with Lawrell, rather than cease
 To be a father.

Exit.

Macrin. Silence sir, he wakes.

Anton. Thou kilst me *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Macr. She's here; I enioy her.

Ant. Where, Why doe you mocke me,
 Age on my head hath stucke no white haire yet,
 Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting foole
 Vpon a woman, I to buy her beauty,
 (Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
 And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
 Yet for our equall sufferings, none holds out
 A hand of pittie.

Doct. Let him have some Musicke.

Ant. Hell on your fiddling.

Doct. Take againe your bed Sir,
 Sleepe is a soveraigne Physicke.

Anton. Take an Asses head Sir,
 Confusion on your fooleries, your charmes,
 Thou stinking Glister-pipe, where's the god of rest,
 Thy Pills, and base Apothecary drugs
 Threatned to bring unto me, out you Impostors,
 Quacksalving cheating Mountebankes, your skill
 Is to make sound men sicke, and sicke men kill.

Mac. O be your selfe deare friend.

Anton. My selfe *Macrinus*,

How can I be my selfe, when I am mangled
Into a thousand peeces, here moves my head,
But where's my heart? Where ever that lyes dead.

*Enter Sapritius dragging in Dorothea by the Haire,
Angelo attending.*

Sap. Follow me thou damn'd Sorceres, call up thy spirits,
And if they can, now let 'em from my hand
Vntwine these witching haire.

Anton. I am that spirit,
Or if I be not (were you not my father)
One made of Iron should hew that hand in peeces
That so defaces this sweet Monument
Of my loves beauty?

Sap. Art thou sicke?

Anton. To death.

Sap. Would'st thou recover?

Anton. Would I live in blisse?

Sap. And doe thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Anton. It is not in the world?

Sap. Ist not here?

Anton. O Treasure, by enchantment lock'd
In Caves as deepe as Hell, am I as neere.

Sap. Breake that enchanted Cave, enter, and risle
The spoyles thy lust hunts after; I descend
To a base office and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing, make her thy whore,
Thy health lyes here if she deny to give it,
Force it, imagine thou assault'st a Towne,
Weake wall, too't, 'tis thine owne, beat but this downe,
Come, and unseene, be witnesse to this battery,
How the coy strumpet yeelds.

Deft. Shall the boy stay fir.

Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to these odde Bawdy
Shuffings, and indeed are those
Little young Snakes in a Furies head

Will sting worse than the great ones,
Let the Pimp stay.

Exeunt aside.

Dor. Oh guard me Angels,
What Tragedy must begin now?

Anton. When a Tyger
Leapes into a timorous heard, with ravenous lawes
Being hunger starv'd, what Tragedy then begins?

Dor. Death I am happy so, you hitherto
Haue still had goodnesse spar'd within your eyes,
Let not that Orbe be broken.

Ang. Feare not Mistresse,
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose sir, your eye
Beares danger in it?

Anton. I must.

Dor. What?

Sapr. Speake it out.

Anton. Climbe that sweet Virgin tree

Sap. Plague a your trees.

Ant. And plucke that fruit which none I thinke ever

Sap. A souldier and stand fumbling so. *(tasted.)*

Dor. O kill me, *Kneeles.*

And heaven will take it as a Sacrifice,
But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A Hell to swallow you.

Sapr. Let her swallow thee.

Ant. Rise for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)
I would not wound thine honour, pleasure forc'd
Are unripe Apples, sowre, not worth the plucking
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you as my prey.
Which I abhorre as much as the blackest sinne
The villany of man did ever act.

Sapritius breakes in

Ang. Dye happy for this language. *and Macrinus.*

Sapr. Dye a slave,

A blockish Idiot.

Mac. Deare sir, vexe him not.

Sap. Yes, and vexe thee too, both I thinke are geldings,
Cold,

The Virgin Martyr.

Cold, Phlegmaticke Bastard, th'art no brat of mine,
One sparke of me, when I had heate like thine
By this had made a Bonfire : a tempting Whore
(For whom th'art mad thrust even into thine armes,
And stand'st thou puling ? Had a Taylor seene her
Her at this advantage, he with his crosse-capers
Had ruffled her by this, but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and heere before her eyes
Teare thy flesh in peeces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himselve, and gluts those pleasures
Thy nicenesse durst not touch, call out a slave,
You Captaine of our guard, fetch a slave hither. *Exit.*

Anton. What will you doe decree Sir.

Sapr. Teach her a trade, which many would learne
In lesse than halfe an houre, to play the Whore.

Enter a Slave.

Macr. A slave is to me, what now ?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh

Enough to ply thy labour, from what Country
Wert thou tane Prisoner, here to be our slave ?

Slave. From Brittain.

Sapr. In the west Ocean.

Slave, Yes.

Sapr. An Iland.

Slave, Yes.

Sapr. I am fitted of all Nations.

Our Roman swordes ever conquer'd, none comes neere
The Brittain for true whoring : sirrah fellow,
What would'st thou doe to gaine thy liberty ?

Slave. Doe ! Liberty ! Fight naked with a Lyon,
Venture to plucke a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion : Liberty ! Ide thus
Besride a Rampire : and defiance spit
I'th face of death ; then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his carcere backward to pass
Me with his hornes in peeces : to shake my chaines off,
And that I could not doo't but by thy death,

Stood't.

The Virgin Martyr.

Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a Rocke
Ten Piramids high, downe would I leape to kill thee,
Or dye my selfe; what is for man to doe
Ile venture on, to be no more a slave.

Sap. Thou shalt then be no slave, for I will set thee
Vpon a peece of worke is fit for man,
Brave for a Brittain, drag that Thing aside
And ravish her.

Slave. And ravish her! Is this your manly service,
A Divell scornes to doe it, 'tis for a beast,
A villaine, not a man, I am as yet
But halfe a slave, but when that worke is past,
A damned whole one, a blacke ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves, doe't thy selfe Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too,
Binde him, and with a Bastinado give him
Vpon his naked belly 200. blowes.

Slave. Thou art more slave than I. *Exit carried in.*

Doro. That power supernall on whom waites my soule,
Is Captaine ore my chastity. *Ant.* Good sir give ore.
The more you wrong her, your selfe's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus downe I throw
Thy Harlot thus by th'haire, naile her to earth,
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfet here his fill,
Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come sir at your call.

Sap. O oh. *Falls downe.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theophilus. Where is the Governour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theoph. My Lord, *Sapritus*, he's not dead, my Lord,
That Witch there.

Antor. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearefull terrors, O thou happy Mayd,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my Father.

Dorothena. I doe.

Theoph. Gone,

The Virgin Martyr.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Hast done this act infernall.

Doro. Heauen pardon you,
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance downe
(I can no myraeles worke) yet from my soule
Pray to those powers I serue, he may recouer.

The. He stirres, helpe, raise him vp, my Lord.

Sap. Where am I?

The. One cheeke is blasted.

Sap. Blasted! Where's the *Lamia*
That teares my intrailles? I'me bewitch'd, seize on her!

The. I'me heere, doe what you please.

Dor. Come boy, being there, more neere to heauen we are

Sap. Kicke harder, goe out Witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloudy hangmen, thine own gods giue thee breth
Each of thy tortors is my seuerall death. *exit*

Enter Harpax, Hercius, and Spungius.

Har. Doe you like my seruice now, say am not I
A Master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance, I had rather licke cleane the soles of
your durty bootes, then weare the richest sute of any infec-
ted Lord, whose rotten life hangs betweene the 2. Poles.

Hir. A Lords sute! I wud not giue vp the cloake of your
seruice to meet the splay-foot estate of any lestei'd knight
about the Antipodes, because they are vn lucky to meete.

Har. This day ile try your loues to me, tis onely
But well to vse the agility of your armes,

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.

Hir. Or any other member that has no legges,

Spun. Thou't runne into some hole,

Hir. If I meet one that's more the my match, & that I ca-
not stand in their hands, I must and wil creep on my knees.

Har. Heere me my little teeme of villaines, heere me,
I cannot teach you Fencing with these Cudgels,
Yet you must vse them, lay them on but soundly,
That's all.

Hir. Nay if wee come to malling once, puh,

Spun. But what Wall-nut-tree is it we must beate.

Har. Your Mistresse.

Hir. How ! my Mistresse ! I begin to haue a Christians heart, made of sweet butter, I melt, I canot strike a woman.

Sap. Nor I, vnlesse she scratch, bum my Mistresse !

Har. Y^eare Coxecombes, silly Animals.

Hir. Whats that ?

Har. Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust Your armes to catch Fortune, say you fall off,
It mu^t be done, you are conuerted Rascals,
And that once spred abroad, why euery slaue
Will kicke you, call you motley Christians,
And halfe fac'd Christians. (leather;

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-

Hir. I doubt me I shall haue no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and each Pagan whom you meete
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Doe this, and euery god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall adde a fadome to your line of yeeres.

Spun. A hundred fadome I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will as you passe along
Clap you vpon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand giue you gold, when your are dead,
Happy that man shall be, can get a nayle
The paring —, nay the durt vnder the nayle
Of any of you both, to say this durt
Belong'd to *Spungius* or *Hercius*.

Spun. They shall not want durt vnder my nayles, ile
keepe 'em long of porpose, for now my fingers itch to be
at her.

Hir. The first thing I doe Ile take her ouer the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har. Yes any where.

Hir. Then I know where Ile hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine owne ; stand by I must not
To see this done, great businesse calls me hence,
Hee's mad can make her curse his violence.

Exit.

Spun. Feare it not sir, her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. Ile come vpon her with rounce, robbles hobble,
and

and thwicke thwacke thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a Guard attending, a Hangman with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angels by her.

Sap. According to our Romane customes, bind That Christian to a Pillar.

Theo. Infernall Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To teare thy flesh, thy soule, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the Vengeance, I should heape on thee,
For wrongs done me : for flagitious facts
By thee done vnto our gods, yet (so it stand
To great *Cesaraes* Gouvernors high pleasure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter* and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or doe but sweare
By *Cesars* fortune and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Doro. Not for all *Cesars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then are kingdomes in the world,
And all those worlds drawne after him, I desie
Your hangman ; you now shew me whither to flie.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready.

Ang. Shrinke not deere Mistresse.

Both. My Lord we are ready for the businesse.

Dor. You two ! whom I like fostred children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starued life with bread :
You be my hangman ! whom when vp the ladder
Death hall'd you to be strangled, I fetcht downe
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors.

Both. Yes, wee.

Dor. Diuine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

Strike at her: Angelo kneeling holds her fast.

Theo. Beate out her braines.

Dor. Receiue me you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaues.

The Virgin Martyr.

Spung. Faster : I am out of breath I am sure : if I were to beate a bucke, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Der. Ioy above joyes, are my tormentors weary,
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limbe : tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

Theoph. These dogs are curs. *Come from his seat.*
Which sharle, yet bite not : see my Lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before,
Proud whore : it smiles, cannot an eye start out
With these.

Hir. No sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of iron worke.

Sapr. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeits.

Ang. There fixe thine eye still, thy glorious crown must
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome, (come
There fixe thine eye still, when we next doe meet,
Not thornes, but roses shall beare up thy feet :
There fixe thine eye still. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Doro. Ever, ever, ever.

Theo. We are mock'd, these bats have powred downe
to fell gyants, yet her skin is not scar'd.

Sapr. What rogues are these.

Theoph. Cannot these force a shriek. *beats them.*

Spun. Oh ! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theo. Cannot this make her roare. *beates to her he*

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves ? What are they ? *roares.*

Spun. We serv'd that noble Gentleman there, he entis'd
us to this dry-beating, oh for one halfe pot.

Har. My servants ! two base rogues, & sometimes servants
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Vnbinde her, hang vp these.

Theo. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang vs ! Master Harpax, what a divell shall we
be thus us'd.

Har. What bandogs but you two wud worry a woman !
Your

The Virgin Martyr.

Your Mistresse ! I but clapt you, you flew on :
Say I should get your lives, each rascall Begger
Would when he met you, cry, out hel-hounds, traytors
Spit at you, sling durt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your sight : 'tis your best course
(Now had you secret knives) to stab your selves,
But since you have not, goe and be hang'd.

Hir. I thanke you.

Harp. 'Tis your best course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here ?
To gallowes drag 'em by the heeles : away.

Spun. By the heeles ! No sir, we have legges to doe us
that service.

Hir. I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with
me. *Exeunt.*

Harp. Dispatch 'em.

Spun. The divell dispatch thee.

Sapr. Death this day ride in tryumph, *Theophilus*
See this Witch made away too.

Theoph. My soule thirsts for it,
Come I my selfe, thy hangmans part could play.

Dor. Oh hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Anton. Is this the place where vertue is to suffer,
And heauenly beauty leaving this base earth,
To make a glad returne from whence it came,
Is it *Macrinus* ? *a scaffold thrust forth.*

Macr. By this preparation
You well may rest assur'd that *Dorothea*
This houre is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman.
Set me downe friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light, and her :
For she being gone, the glorious Sun himselfe
To me's *Cymerian* darkenesse.

The Virgin Martyr.

Mac. Strange affection!

Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kils in stead of giving life.

Anton. Nay weepe not,
Though teares of friendship be a soveraigne balme,
On me they are cast away: it is decreed
That I must dye with her, our clue of life,
Was spun together.

Macrin. Yet sir 'tis my wonder
That you who hearing onely what she suffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be
To adde to calamity, an eye witnesse,
Of her last tragicke scene, which must pierce deeper
And make the wound more desperate.

Anton. O *Macrinus*,
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aime at, being to die too.
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharpe by my constant love,
And true affection, it may be the duty
And loyall service with which I pursu'd her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembred
Among her blessed actions, and what honor
Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a headsmen before her,
followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.*

See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appeares, more like
To Heaven it selfe, than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my beleefe, nor can I thinke our gods
Are good, or to be serv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kinde, that to maintaine
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature,
Which they theselves come short of: she ascends,
And every step raises her nigher heaven,

What

The Virgin Martyr.

What god so ere thou art that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundlesse happinesse.

Sap. You are too blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will,
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Anton. Good sir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object
That I shall ere be blest with.

Theoph. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our gods, tremble to thinke
It is not in the power thou seru'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the Sea increas'd
By violent shipwrackes, nor the unsearched Mines,
Mammons unknowne Exchequer shall redeeme thee.
And therefore having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die yong, to part with
All pleasures and delights : lastly, to goe
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And to adde to affliction the remembrance
Of the *Elizian* joyes thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd Apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants, let despaire
Prevent the hanginans sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into Hell.

Anton. She smiles,
Unmov'd by *Mars*, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

Theoph. Derided too ? Dispat ch I say.

Dor. Thou foole
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of :
What is this life to me ? Not worth a thought
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better, ev'n thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount vp
To such a height of happinesse, where I shall

Looke downe with scorne on thee, and on the world,
Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To thinke at what an easie price I bought it.
There's a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
No joynt benumbing cold, nor scorching heate,
Famine nor age have any being there:
Forget for shame your Tempe, bury in
Oblivion, your fain'd your *Hesperian* Orchards
The golden fruit kept by the watchfull Dragon
Which did require *Hercules* to get it.
Compar'd with what growes in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be nam'd. The power I serve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancie yours.

Anton. O take me thither with you.

Doro. Trace my steps
And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With mine owne hands
Ilerather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feaver.

Theoph. By no meanes
Let him goe with her, doe seduc'd young man,
And wait upon thy Saint in death, doe, doe,
And when you come to that imagin'd place,
And meet those cursed things I once call'd daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulnessse to me that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

Anton. Grant that I may goe with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute dam thy selfe?

Theoph. The Gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the divell thy great master
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can and will.

The Virgin Martyr.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. Oh ! Mountaines fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottome of the deepe,
Where light may never find me.

Theoph. What's the matter ?

Sapr. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

Theoph. *Harpax*, my *Harpax* speake.

Har. I dare not stay,
Should I but heare her once more I were lost,
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compar'd (and with what now I suffer)
Hels torments are sweet slumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sapr. Follow him.

Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not loose him.
Thy charmes upon my servant cursed witch,
Gives thee a short reprieve, let her not die
Till my returne. *exeunt Sap. and Theophilus.*

Anon. She minds him not, what object
Is her eye fix'd on ?

Macr. I see nothing.

Ant. Marke her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I serve,
For thou art more than mortall, is't for me
Poore sinner thou art pleas'd a while to leave
Thy heavenly habitation ? And vouchsafest
Though glorified, to take my servants habit,
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo*.

Ang. Know I am the same,
And still the servant to your piety,
Your zealous prayers and pious deeds first wonne me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent 'em)
To guide your steps. I try'd your charity,
When in a beggers shape you tooke me up
And cloth'd my naked limbes, and after fed
(As you beleeu'd) my famisht mouth. Learn all
By your example to looke on the poore
With gentle eyes, for in such habits often
Angels desire an Almes. I never left you,

The Virgin Martyr.

Nor will I now, for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soule to joyes eternall,
Your Martyrdome once suffer'd, and before it
Aske any thing from me, and rest assur'd
You shall obtaine it.

Doro. I am largely payd
For all my torments, since I find such grace
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of Heaven.

Ang. I will performe it.
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soule, his shall have liberty.
Is there ought else?

Dor. For prooffe, that I forgive
My Persecutor, who in scorne desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I goe to
After my death as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly deare Mistresse.

Mas. I am amaz'd. *Anton.* I feele a holy fire.
That yeelds a comfortable heate within me,
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.
See I can stand, and goe alone, thus kneele
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand.
With a religious kisse.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawne backe.

Theoph. It matters not,
We can discharge this worke without his helpe:
But see your sonne. *Sap.* Villaine.

Anton. Sir I beseech you,
Being so neere our ends divorce us not.

Theoph. Ile quickly make a separation of 'em.
Hast thou ought else to say?

Dorothea. Nothing but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest,
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soule

Begins

Begins to take her flight, strike, O strike quickly,
And though you are unmov'd to see my death
Hereafter when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea* with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dyes. *her head struck off.*

Anton. O take my soule along to waite on thine.

Mac. Your sonne sinkes too. *Antoninus sinkes.*

Sap. Already dead. *Theoph.* Die all.

That are or favour this accursed Sect,
I tryumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead Carkasses to orelooke
The *Pyrendan* Hills, but Ile roote out
These superstitious fooles, and leave the World
No name of Christian. *Loud Musicke, exit Angelo*

Sap. Ha, Heavenly Musicke, *having first layd his hand*

Mac. 'Tis in the ayre. *upon their mouths.*

Theoph. Illusions of the Divell

Wrought by some one of her Religion,
That faine would make her death a Miracle,
It frights not me: because he is your sonne
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some high way,
And be to Vultures and to Dogs a prey. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus. 5. Scena I.

Enter Theophilus in his study, Bookes about him.

Theoph. **I**s't Holyday (Oh *Cesar*) that thy servant
(Thy Provost to see execution done
On these base Christians in *Casarea*)
Should now want worke: sleepe these Idolaters
That none are stirring. As a curious Painter
When he has made some honourable peece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colours how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs

Himselfe for his rare workmanship. — So heere *Sir*
 Will I my Drolleries and bloudy Lantskips
 Long past wrap'd up unfold to inake me merry
 With shadowes, now I want the substances. *Booke*
 My Muster-booke of Hel-hounds, were the Christians
 Whose names stand here (alive) and arm'd; not Rome
 Could move upon her hindges. What I have done
 Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
 To poore tormented wretches, no I am carryed
 With violence of zeale, and streames of service
 I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britaine*, what
 A thousand wives with brats sucking their breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and throwne to swine;
 And then their fleshly backparts hewed with hatchets,
 Were minc'd and bak'd in Pies to feed starv'd Christians.
 Ha, ha.

Agén, agén, -- *East-Anglas*, -- oh, East-Angles.
 Bandogs (kept three dayes hungry) worried
 1000. British Rascals; styed up, fat
 Of purpose, stript naked, and disarm'd.
 I could outstare a yeere of Sunnes and Moones,
 To sit at these sweet Bul-bairings, so I could
 Thereby but one Christian win to fall
 In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
 Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! Eleven thousand
 Torne by wild beasts: two hundred ran'd i'th earth
 To th' armepits, and full platters round about 'em,
 But farre enough for reaching, eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rise*
 Tush, all these tortures are but phillipings, *Consort*,
 Flea-bitings; I before the destinies, *enter Angelo with a*
 My bottome did wind up, would flesh my selfe *Basket*
 Once more upon some one remarkeable *field with fruit*
 About all these, this Christian Slut was well, *and flowers*
 A pretty one, but let such horror follow
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
 Shall heare it, her foundation at the sound
 May feele an Earth-quake. How now?

Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir -- so great a Roman spirit and
 does it tremble. *Musicke.*

The Virgin Martyr.

Theo. How cam'st thou in? To whom thy businesse?

Ang. To you :-

I had a Mistresse late sent hence by you
Vpon a bloudy errand, you intreated
That when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that Garden fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

Theoph. Cannot I see this Garden?

Ang. Yes, if the Master
Will give you entrance.

Angelo vanishesth.

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit, and the most bright cheek'd
child I ever view'd,

Sweet smelling goodly fruit, what flowers are these?

In *Disclefiens* Gardens, the most beautious

Compar'd with these are weeds : is it not February?

The second day she dyed : Frost, Ice and snow

Hang on the beard of Winter, where's the Sonne

That guilds this Summer, pretty sweet boy, say in what
Country

Shall a man finde this Garden —, my delicate boy, gone!
Vanished!

Within there, *Julianus* and *Geta.* —

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

Theoph. Are my gates shut?

1. And guarded.

Theoph. Saw you not — a boy.

2. Where?

Theoph. Heere he entred, a young Lad ; 1000. blessings
danc'd upon his eyes, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing, that
brought this Basket.

1. No sir?

Exeunt.

Theoph. Away, but be in reach if my voyce calls you,
No ! Vanish'd ! And not seene, be thou a spirit
Sent from that Witch to mocke me, I am sure
This is essentiall, and how ere it growes,
Will taste it,

Eates.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Harpax miking

The. So good, ile haue some now sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha great lickorish foole.

The. What art thou?

Har. A Fisherman.

The. What doest thou catch.

Har. Soules, soules, a fish call'd foules.

Enter a servant.

The. Geta

r. My Lord.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Within

The. What insolent slaue is this dares laugh at me?
Or what is't the dog grinneth at so?

r. I neither know my Lord at what, nor whom, for
there is none without but my fellow *Julianus*, and hee's
making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. *Jupiter*! all within me is not well,
And yet not sicke.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

lowder

The. What's thy name slaue?

Har. Goe looke.

At one end.

r. Tis *Harpax* voyce.

The. *Harpax*, goe drag the Caitiffe to my foote,
That I may stampe vpon him.

Har. Foole, thou liest.

At t'other end.

r. Hee's yonder now my Lord.

The. Watch thou that end
Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

At the middle.

The. Hee's at Barli-break, and the last couple are now
in hell,

Exit servants.

Search for him, all this ground me thinke is bloudy,
And pau'd with thousands of those Christians eyes
Whom I haue tortur'd, and they stare vpon me;
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape Angelicall; mine eyes (though dazled
And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore
A paire of glorious wings, yes they were wings,
And hence he flew; 'tis vanished, *Jupiter*

The Virgin Martyr.

For all my sacrifices done to him
Never once gaue me smile: how can stone smile, *Musicke*
Or wooden Image laugh? ha! I remember
Such Musicke gaue a welcome to my eare,
When the faire youth came to me: 'tis in the Ayre,
Or from some better place, a power diuine,
Through my darke Ignorance on my soule does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,
Nay drown'd and damn'd for euer in Christian gore.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha.

Within.

Theoph. Agen, what dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left, some Angell hath me fed,
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. *eates another.*

Har. Hold.

Enter Harpax in a fearful

Theoph. Not for *Cesar.*

full shape, fire flashing one

Harp. But for me thou shalt. *of the study.*

Theoph. Thou art no Twin to him that

last was heere.

You powers whom my soule bids me reverence
Guard me: What art thou?

Harp. I'm thy Master.

Theoph. Mine.

Harp. And thou my everlasting slave; that *Harpax,*
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy Hell
Am I.

Theoph. Avant.

Harp. I will not, cast thou downe
That Basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drinke:
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theoph. My Fruit!

Does this offend thee? see.

Harp. Spet it to th'earth,
And tread upon it, or ile peece-meale teare thee.

Th. Art thou with this affrighted? See, here's more: *flow.*

Har. Fling them away, ile take thee else & hang thee *ers.*
In a contorted chaine of Isicles
In frigid Zone: downe with them.

Theoph. At the bottome.

The Virgin Martyr.

One thing I found not yet, see.

A crosse of Flowers.

Har. Oh, I'm tortur'd.

The. Can this doe't? Hence thou Fiend infernall hence.

Har. Claspe *Jupiters* Image, and away with that.

Theop. At thee Ile sling that *Jupiter*, for me thinkes
I serve a better Master, he now checkes me
For murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;
By thy damin'd Rhetoricke did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not angry with the Axe nor me,
But sends these presents to me, and ile travell
Ore worlds to find her, and from her white hand
To beg a forgivenessse.

Har. No, ile binde thee here.

Theoph. I serve a strength above thine: this small wea-
pon me thinkes is armour hard enough.

Har. Keepe from me.

Sinkes a little.

The. Art boasting to thy center? Down hel-hound, down,
Me hast thou lost; that arme which hurles thee hence
Save me, and set me up the strong defence
In the faire Christians quarrell.

Enter Angels.

Ang. Fixe thy footethere,
Nor be thou shaken with a *Casars* voyce,
Though thousand deaths were in it: and I then
Will bring thee to a River that shall wash
Thy bloody hands cleane, and more white than snow,
And to that Garden where these blest things grow,
And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee; Spred this brave wing
And serve than *Cesar* a farre greater King.

Exit.

Theoph. It is, it is some Angell, vanish'd againe!
Oh come back ravishing Boy, bright Messenger,
Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my soule, now looke I backe
On my blacke Tyrannies, which as they did
Oue-dare the bloudiest, thou blest spirit that leades me,
Teach me what I must doe, and to doe well,
That my last act, the best may Paralell.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon,
meeting Artemia, attendants.

Artem. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Tryumphant *Cesar*.

Diocl. Let thy wish faire Daughter
Be equally divided, and hereafter
Learne thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,
Whose power with mine united makes one *Cesar*.

Maxim. But that I feare 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand ty'd
As love, and Empire, I should say till now
I nere had seene a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistresse.

Artem. Sir, you shew your selfe
Both Courtier and Souldier, but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my servant
Cannot dart forth such beames as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart
Though bound in ribs of Ice, love still is love,
His Bow and Arrowes are the same, great *Julius*
That to his successors left the name of *Cesar*
Whom warre could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large Plaines of *Pharsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carkasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other Lord but him, stricke deepe in yeares too,
And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth:
After all this, meeting faire *Cleopatra*,
A suppliant to the Magicke of her eye,
Ev'n in his pride of conquest tooke him captive,
Nor are you more secure.

Maxim. Were you deform'd
(But by the Gods you are most excellent)
Your gravity and discretion would orecome me,
And I should be more proud in being a Prisoner

The Virgin Martyr.

To your faire vertues, then of all the Honours,
Wealth, Title, Empire, that my sword hath purchac'd

Dioc. This meets my wilhes, welcome it *Artemia*
With out-stretch'd armes, and study to forget

That *Antonius* ever was thy fate

Reseru'd thee for this better choise, embrace it

Ep. This happy match brings new nerves to giue strength

To our continued league. *March.* *Hymen* himselſe

Will blesse this marriage which we will solemnize

In the presence of these Kings.

Pen. Who rest most happy

To be eye-witnesſes of a Match that brings

Peace to the Empire.

Disc. We much thanke your loues,

But wher's *Sapritius* our Gouvernour,

And our most zealous Prouost good *Theophilus*?

If ever Prince were blest in a true ſervant,

Or could the gods be debtors to a man,

Both they and we stand farre ingag'd to cherish

His pietie and ſervice.

Arte. Sir the Gouvernour:

Brookes ſadly his ſonnes loſſe although he turn'd

Apoſtata in death, but bold *Theophilus*

Who for the ſame cauſe in my preſence ſeald

His holy anger on his daughters hearts.

Hauing with tortures firſt tride to convert her,

Drag'd the bewitching Chriſtian to the ſcaffold

And ſaw her looſe her head. *Dio.* He is all worthy,

And from his owne mouth I would gladly heare

The manner how ſhe ſuffered.

Arte. 'Twil lbe deliuer'd

With ſuch contempt and ſcorne, I know his nature

That rather 'twill beget your highneſſe laughter

Then the leaſt pittie.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Disc. To that end I would heare it.

Arte. He comes, with him the Gouvernour.

Dio. O *Sapritius*,

I am to chide you for your tenderneſſe,

But

The Virgin Martyr.

But yet remembering that you are a father,

I will forget it, good *Theophilus*

He speake with you anone: neerer your care. *Saprinus*

The. By *Antoninus* soule I do coniure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding whats the cause that moues me,
Receiue my signet, by the power of this
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

Theo. Haste then to the port,
You shall there finde two tall ships ready rigg'd,
In which embarke the poore distressed soules
And beare them from the reach of tyranny,
Enquire not whether you are bound, the dietie
That they adore, will giue you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travell: leaue me here
There is a scene that I must act alone
Hast good *Macrenus*, and the great God guide you.

Mac. He vndertake there's something prompts me to it
Tis to saue innocent blood, a Saintlike act,
And to be mercifull has neuer beene
By mortall men themselves esteemed a sin. *Exit Mac.*

Dioc. You know your charge.

Sap. And will with care obserue it.

Dioc. For I professe he is not *Cæsars* friend
That sheds a teare for any torture that
A Christian suffers, welcome my best seruant
My carefull, zealous Provoost, thou hast toyl'd
To satisfie my will though in extreames,
I love thee for't, thou art firme rocke, no changeling:
Prethee deliuer, and for my sake do it
Without excesse of bitterness or scoffes
Before my brother and these Kings, how tooke
The Christian her death.

Theo. And such a presence
Though e very private head in his large roome
Were circl'd round with an imperiall crowne,

The Virgin Martyr.

Her story will deserue, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Diocle. Ha! how's this?

Theo. O marke it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would heare an Embassie from heauen
By a wing'd Legat, for the truth deliuered,
Both how and what this blessed virgin suffered:
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise vp with reverence, and no more
As things vnworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladyes were
Which lying *Greece* so boasts of, your owne matrons
Your *Romane* Dames whose figures, you yet keepe
As holy relickes in her historie
Will find a second vrne. *Gracchus Cornelia*,
Paulina that in death desir'd to follow
Her husband *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*
That swallow'd burning coles to ouer take him,
Though all their severall worths were giuen to one
With this is to be mention'd.

Maximinus. Is he mad?

Diocle. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly,
This did no more.

Theo. They out of desperation
Or for vaine glory of an after name
Parted with life. This had not mutinous sonnes
As the rash *Gracchi* were, nor was this Saint
A doting mother as *Cornelia* was:
This lost no husband in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honor suncke, no feare of want
Did make her being tedious, but aiming
At an immortall crowne, and in his cause
Who onely can bestow it, who sent downe
Legions as ministring Angels to beare vp
Her spotlesse soule to heauen; who entertain'd it
With choyce celestially musicke, equall to
The motion of the spheres, she vncompeld
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*
You were present at her death, did you ere here

The Virgin Martyr.

Such ravishing sounds ?

Sapr. Yet you sayd then it was witchcraft,
And divellish illusions.

Theoph. I then heard it
With sinfull eares, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his dietie, which then I knew not,
Nor did beleewe in him.

Dio. Why dost thou now? Or dar'st thou in our hearing?

Theoph. Were my voyce
As lowd as is his thunder to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but heare it,
Though hell to ayde their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speake, and speake againe, and boldly
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship
But dreames of fooles and Madmen.

Maximins. Lay hands on him.

Dio. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes thee)
Thou couldst not else thy pilgrimage of life,
Being almost past through in this last moment.
Destroy what ere thou hast done good or great,
Thy youth did promise much, and growne a man,
Thou madest it good, and with encrease of yeares
Thy actions still better'd : as the Sunne
Thou didst rise gloriously, keptst a constant course
In all thy journey, and now in the Evening
When thou shouldst passe with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor.

Sapr. Yet confesse
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Doe, no way is left else,
To save thy life *Theophins.*

Diocles. But refuse it
Destruction as horrid and as sodaine
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open.
And thou wer't sinking thither.

Theoph. Heare me yet
Heare me for my service past.

The Virgin Martyr.

Artem. What will he say?

Theoph. As ever I deserv'd your favour heare me,
And grant one boone, 'tis not for life I sue for,
Nor is it fit that I that nere knew pitty,
To any Christian, being onemy selfe
Should looke for any : no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty ; I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths,
And were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live againe
To be againe tormented, 'twere to me
An easie pennance, and I should passe through
A gentle cleansing fire, but that deny'd me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My suite is you would have no pitty on me.
In mine owne house there are a thousand engines
Of studyed cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians, let me feele
As the Sicilian did his brazen Bull,
The horridst you can finde, and I will say
In death that you are mercifull.

Diocles. Despaire not
In this thou shalt prevaile, go fetch 'em hither, *some go for*
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once *the racks.*
And so appeare before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy flesh with burning Pinsors torne, shall feed
The fire that heates them, and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, he supply
In punishing thy minde : fetch all the Christians
That are in hold, and here before his face
Cut 'em in peeces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the first good deed I ever did,
They are remov'd out of thy reach, how ere
I was determin'd for my sinnes to die,
I first tooke order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Diocle. Bind him I say,
Make every artery and sinew cracke.

The Virgin Martyr.

The slave that makes him give the lowdest shriek
Shall have ten thousand Drachmes, wretch Ile force thee
To curse the power thou worshipping'st.

Theoph. Never, never,
No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him, *They torture him.*
But what shall speake his Majesty or Mercy:
I am honour'd in my sufferings, weake tormentors
More tortures, more: alas you are unskillfull,
For Heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorne:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded,
The Irons coole, here armes yet and thighes,
Spare no part of me.

Mox. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sapr. No sigh nor groane.
To witnesse he has feeling.

Diocl. Harder Villaines. *Enter Harpax.*

Harp. Vnlesse that he blaspheme he's lost for ever;
If torments ever could bring forth despaire.
Let these compell him to it: oh me
My ancient Enemies againe. *falls downe.*

Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crownes upon her robe, a Crowne upon her head, lead in by the Angell, Antoninus Caliste and Christeta following all in white, but lesse glorious, the Angell with a Crowne for him.

Theoph. Most glorious Vision.
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dreame
So heavenly as this, I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed Spirits, and make hast
To take that Crowne of immortality
You offer to me; death till this blest minute
I never thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now for any paine I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creepe to,
And humbly kneeling with humility weare it.
Oh now I feele thee, blessed spirits I come,

And

And witnesse for me all these wounds and scarres,
I dye a Souldier in the Christian warres. *ayer.*

Sapr. I have seene thousands tortur'd, but nere yet
A constancy like this.

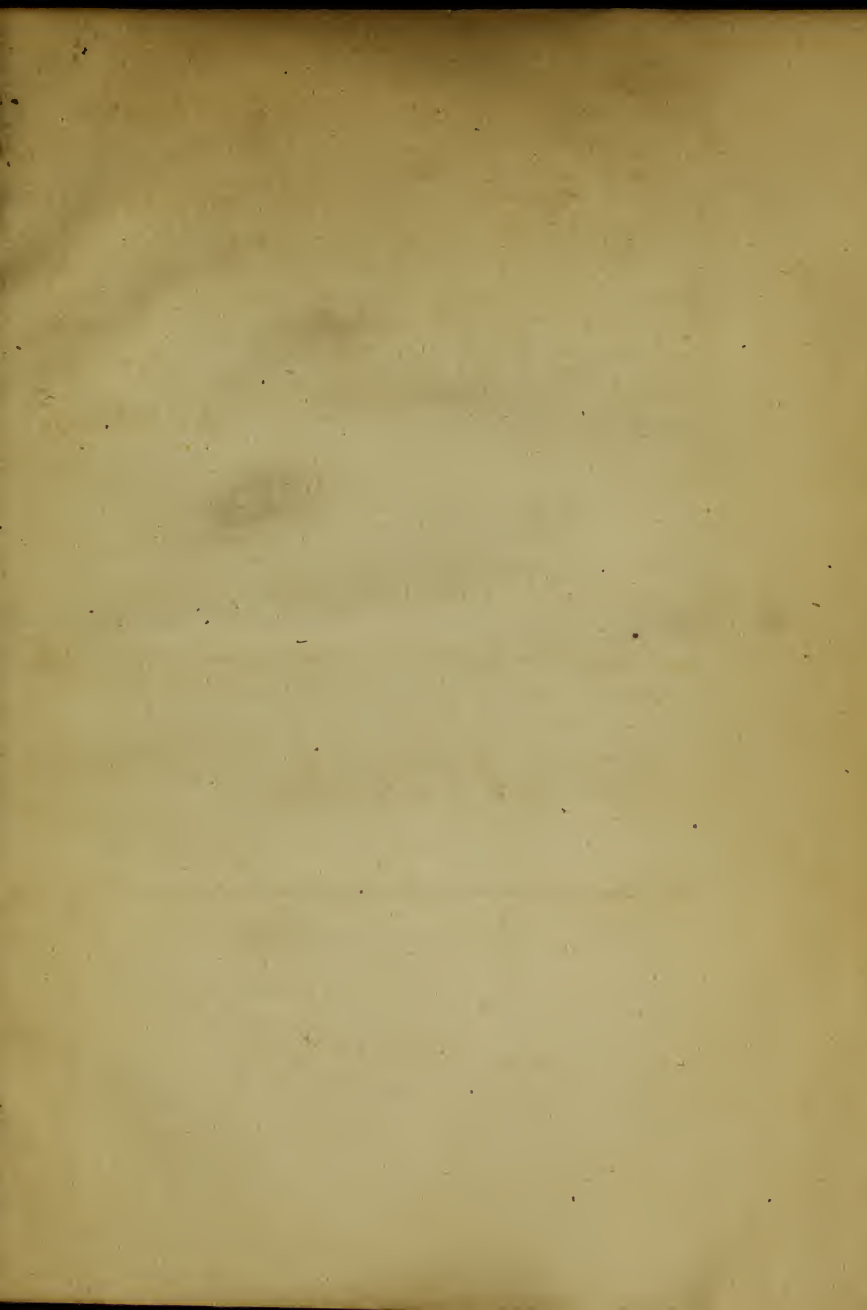
Hapax. I am twice damn'd.

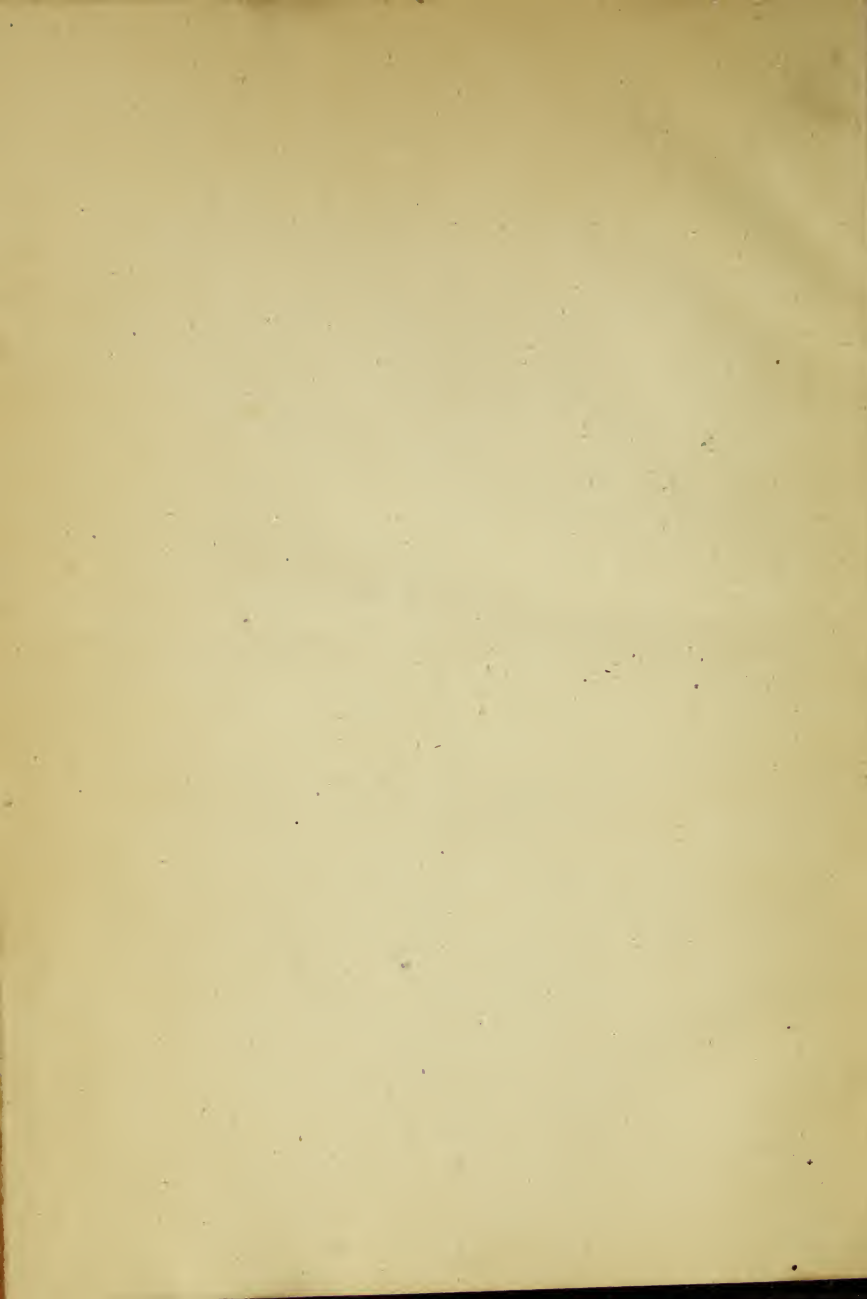
Angelo. Hast to thy place appointed cursed fiend,
In spite of Hell this prisoner's not thy prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. *exit Angelo.*

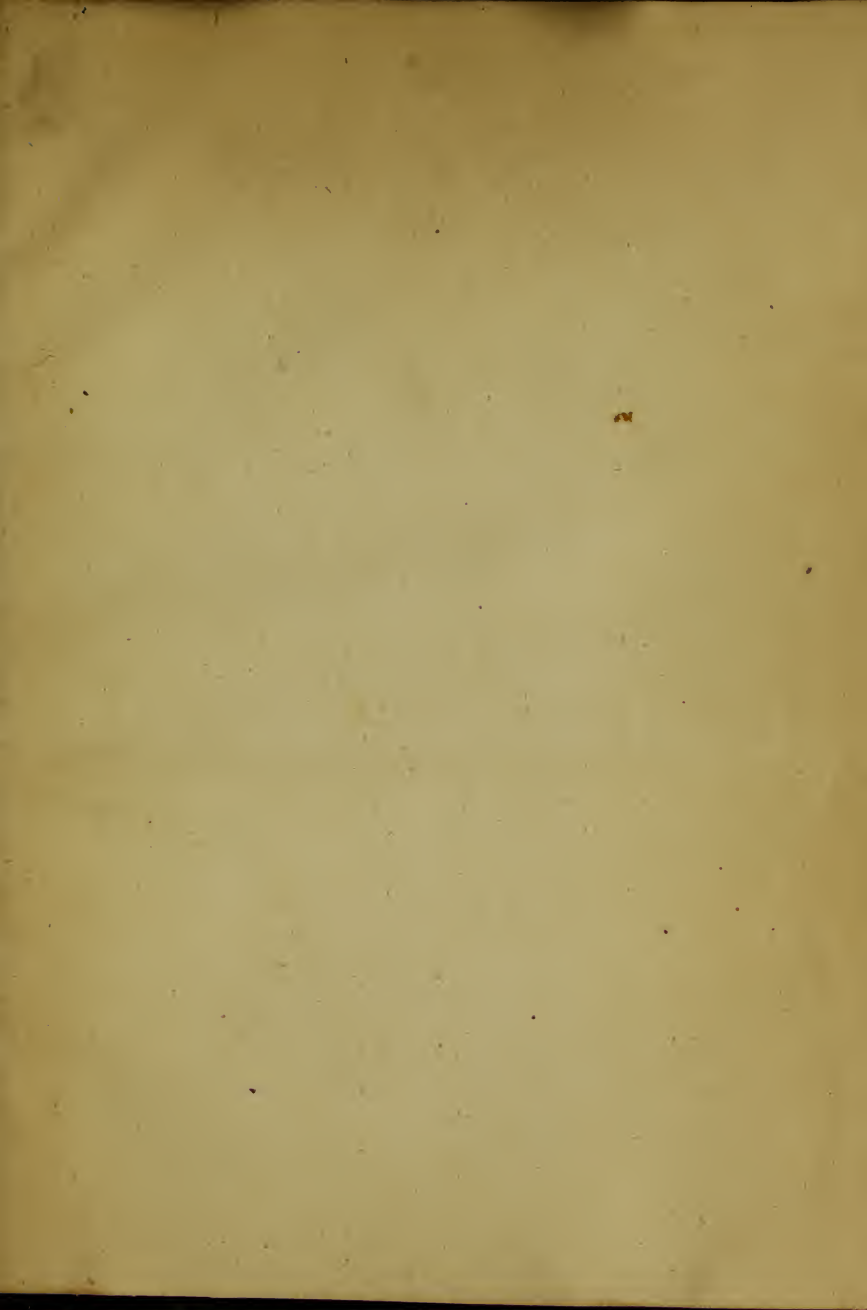
Dio. I think the centry of the earth be crackt, *she diuelt*
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will goe on *sinkes with*
The persecution that is here begun, *lightning.*
Through all the world with violence shall run.

flourish exeunt

FINIS.







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